



University Song Book



1966

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FORWARD

PREFACE TO THE 1ST EDITION

For students who can read, this song book will prove invaluable. For Students who can also sing, it will become a treasured possession.

It contains such liberal selection that whatever your interests you will find your tastes catered for - with one unexceptionable exception. Out of sheer respect for the penalties rather than the law, we have censored bawdiness.

But if you like subtle political humour; if you are an avid collector of Australiana; if you glory in the sound of your voice as it echoes down the bathroom plughole; if you dream of be-cloistered Adelaide University as do the student princes of their Heidelberg; then here is your book. It will be your constant companion at temperance meeting or boozy bing. It is for every status and atmosphere - for music is universal and song knows no boundaries. It transcends human frailties.

THE SONG BOOK COMMITTEE.
Adelaide, 1962.

FORWARD

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

A University Songbook serves two main purposes. Firstly, to provide a ready reference and an inspiration at parties, camps and other convivial gatherings. Secondly, it is an opportunity to record the overall repertoire, limited of course by space and censorship, of the student body at the time when the book is produced.

In "University Songbook 1966" we have endeavoured to fulfil both these aims, and we are confident that we have succeeded to a sufficient extent to have made our efforts worthwhile.

We would like to express our thanks to all who helped in the making up of the present edition; to the Songbook Committee in particular for their devotion to the task; to Dr. M. R. Best and Mr. R. Parbs for some of the musical arrangements; to Ross Bateup and Dick Venus for the covers and Dick also for the sectional illustrations; and to our various interstate contacts for their help in compiling a representative cross-section of Australian University Songs.

Geoff, Tony and Ian

Adelaide, August 1966

DEDICATION

Dedicated to our mistresses

-- aren't you?



UNIVERSITY SONGS

GAUDEAMUS



Gaudamus igitur,
Iuvenes dum sumus;
Post iucundum iuventutem
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Vivat Academia,
Vivant professores;
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit!

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venis mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nominis parceretur.

OUR VARSITY

(Air: Men of Harlech)

Grads and Undergrads and Fellows,
Gaudy Profs in reds and yellows,
Sing with lungs as tough as bellows
Of our 'Varsity.

Some of us are mining, some in Arts reclining,
More and more embrace the Law,
And some for Scientific light are pining;
Some are fools and some are clever,
Faculties divide and sever;
Still we all belong forever
To our 'Varsity.

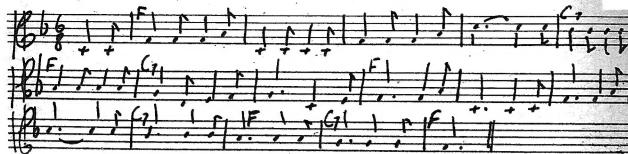
Many Lecturers, Professors,
Bulldogs and like oppressors
Worry, harass and distress us
In our 'Varsity.

Though they call us asses, turn us out of classes,
Still we know they're men below,
And hope some day Examiners will pass us.
In spite of "tutes" and boring speeches
They have done their best to teach us,
After all they're fellow creatures
In our 'Varsity.

Let us raise a ringing chorus,
Lift the very roof that's p'er us
Praising those who've gone before us,
Graduates today.

'Tis their Graduation! Give them an ovation!
Raise a cry to reach the sky,
And let us have a joyous celebration.
They have all been good and true men,
Like to them there are but few men;
Now they're giving place to new men
In our 'Varsity.

LAW SONG - THE BALL AT SHATWELL'S HALL



Have you heard about the Law boys
And their Ball at Shatwell's Hall?
There were four-and-twenty institutes
All dealing on the Law.

Singing, who'll sue me this time,
Who'll sue me now,
The one that sued me last time
Has lost his action now.

The Professor, he was there,
Sitting in the front,
Discussin' on the theory
In Regina v. Hunt.

The Professor's daughter, she was there;
She had us all in fits,
A-sliding off the mantelpiece
And serving out the wrists.

The Judge is in the courtroom,
The Lawyer's in the chair;
You couldn't see the plaintiff
For the wigs of curly hair.

LINCOLN COLLEGE SONG

(Onward Christian Soldiers)

Lloyd George loves Sir Arthur,
Sir Arthur loves Lloyd George,
Lloyd Georges loves Sir Arthur ..
And so on ad infinitum.

THE ENGINEERS' SONG

(Tune: John Brown's Body)

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers,
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers,
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum,
drink rum with all of us,
For we don't give a "bugger" for any old "bugger"
that don't give a "bugger" for us.

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride
To show to all the populace her lovely lily-white hide,
The only ones who noticed as she rode upon her horse,
Were a bleary-eyed surveyor, and an engineer of course.

"I am tired and I am thirsty and I have travelled far,
So take me off my bloody horse and lead me to a bar",
The only ones who helped her down and shouted her a
beer
Were a bleary-eyed surveyor, and a drunken engineer.

My father was a miner way back in old Caloote,
My mother was a lady from a house of ill-repute,
The very first words I heard them say when I began to
hear,
Were "get out of here you drunken bum and be an engineer".

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone
Not a fig leaf was upon her, she was naked as a bone,
On seeing that she had no arms, the engineer discoursed,
"The damn things faulty concrete, and should be reinforced!"

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park,
They were doing scientific research in the dark,
The engineer, his methods were a marvel to observe,
His left hand took the reading while the right hand traced
the curve.

Footnote:- This song has grown from the original Oxford University Engineers Song. The first three verses are believed to be original, whilst the last two were obtained from an engineer from America, where the song is sung very widely as an Engineers Song, with extra verses ad infinitum.

"THE MED SONG"

* (Tune: Chorus of "Road to the Isles")

At the Adelaide, by the Torrens, if you've never been before,
Then explore with me this medieval hall
Where the students playing surgeons
Chase around the nursing virgins
And chastity is oft inclined to fall.

In the Verco lecture theatre, where the air is dull and hot,
The keenest mind so soon it does intox.
And the students in their classes
Get bedsores on their
Writing down the complications of the pox.

Up in Robe and Grey, the students say, with walls so clean and white
'Tis here that often lurk the Lister hints
Where the fracture dislocations
Mix with lumps of many nations
And the nurses sport between the Thomas splints.

Then in Ritchie and in Coombs, where the surgeons always loom
No physician self-respecting dares to tread
While the nurses they are charting
Pulse and urine everlasting
And with just a single patient to a bed.

And the Nurses' Home at midnight, underneath the pepper tree
Oh! the air is filled with such erotic screams
The owls, midnight hooters
Up above the motor scooters
Are appalled to see such Bacchanalian scenes.

* The Royal Adelaide Hospital - other names are wards, etc.

DEPARTING STUDENTS

(Air: Tavern in the Town)

I was, I fear, a callow lad, callow lad,
When I became an undergrad, undergrad.
My plan so pure was to lead a life demure
And merely to my knowledge add.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
For the Council has 4-C'd me
There is more to University than swot, swot, swot.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I would stay you know, but weak I grow,
I'm debilitated with dry rot.

I was a charming fresherette, fresherette,
The boys admired my silhouette, silhouette.
I was happy when in the company of men.
And I've never been to lectures yet.

Fare thee well, for I must leave you
Do not let my parting grieve you.
I must new and further pastures seek, seek, seek.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you.
I have had my fun but now my time is done,
I'm marrying a Senator next week.

The others who in splendour come, splendour come,
Have proved that they are not so dumb, not so dumb,
They have mixed their swot with a bit of tommy rot
And scraped through their curriculum.

Fare them well for they must leave us,
Let their parting never grieve us,
We'll be with them in another year or two, or three!
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We'd like to graduate with you, with you,
But we'll stay a while after you've walked down the aisle,
Till each has earned his own degree.



STUDENT SONGS

ALL QUEERS TOGETHER

My name is Cecil,
I live on Leicester Square,
I wear open-toed sandals
And rosebuds in my hair :-

'Cos we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we go upstairs,
Yes, we're all queers together,
Excuse us while we say our prayers,

It was on the train to Oxford,
There was barely room to stand,
When a gentleman said take my seat -
So I felt for it with my hand :-

FASCINATING BITCH

Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich,
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
And I'd sleep all day and I'd work all night,
I'd take a vacation every once in a while -
Just to make my customers wild -
Oh, I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
Instead of an innocent child.

A-ROVING

In Plymouth town there lived a maid, mark well what I do say,
In Plymouth town there lived a maid,
The mistress of her hoary trade,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

A-roving, a-roving for roving's been my ru-i-in,
I'll go no more a-roving with you fair maid.

I put my hand upon her toe, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her toe,
She said, "You're stooping mighty low."

I put my hand upon her calf, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her calf,
She said, "Young man, you're there by half."

I put my hand upon her thigh, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her thigh,
She said, "Young man, you're getting high."

I put my hand upon her rear, mark well what I do say,
I put my hand upon her rear,
She said, "Young man, you're getting near."

'Twas then she let her garments fall, mark well what I do say,
'Twas then she let her garments fall,
She said, "Young man, now you know all."

I took one look and almost died, mark well what I do say,
I took one look and almost died.
It was secret agent Henry Hyde.

ROLL ME OVER

Now this number one,
And aren't we having fun?

Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

Now this is number two,
And he's taking off my shoe.

Now this is number three,
And he's reaching for my knee.

And this is number four,
And he's got me on the floor.

Now this is number five,
And now it's good to be alive.

Now this is number six,
And I'm in an awful fix.

Now this is number seven,
And we're in seventh heaven.

Now this is number eight,
And the doctor's at the gate.

Now this is number nine,
And the twins are doing fine.

Now this is number ten,
So let's do it all again.

BIBLE STORIES



Adam was the first Man, so we all believe,
One morning he was filleted and introduced to Eve;
He had no one to show him, but he soon found out the
way -
And that's the only reason that we're standing here today.

Young soaks, old soaks, everybody come,
To our little Sunday school and have a tot of rum,
There's a place to check your chewing gum and razors
at the door,
And we'll tell you Bible stories that you've never
heard before.

Solomon and David lived very wicked lives,
They used to spend their afternoons with other people's
wives,
And then in the evenings when conscience gave them
qualms,
Solomon wrote the Proverbs and David wrote the Psalms.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the ancient tale,
Who booked a steerage passage on a transatlantic whale,
When the atmospheric pressure grew too heavy on his
chest,
Jonah pressed the button and the whale did the rest.

Pharaoh had a daughter, with a most bewitching smile,
She found the infant Moses in the rushes by the Nile.
She took him home to dear papa, and he believed the
tale -
Which is just about as probable as Jonah and the whale.

Salome was a lady of abbreviated skirt,
She invited John the Baptist to a harmless little flirt.
But Johnny was a wowser and he wouldn't grant' wish,
So she sent him up to Heaven with his head upon a dish.

Sampson was a fighter of the very highest class,
He slew 40,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.
The roof fell in one day, when he leaned upon a pillar,
And this, then, was the end of Sam and lady-friend Delilah.

Esau was a man with a very hairy chest,
His chest it was so hairy, he'd no need to wear a vest.
His father left him property not very far from Norwich
And the silly blighter swopped it for a basinful of porridge.

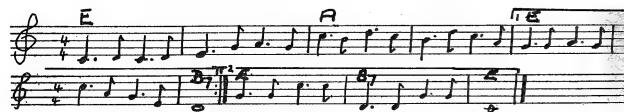
When Aaron was so jaded that he couldn't raise a laugh,
He opened up a night club which he called the Golden Calf.
Of course the cops got wind of it and pinched the blooming
lot,
And Chief Inspector Moses got promotion on the spot.

Moses was the leader of the Israelite flock,
He used to get spa water by striking on a rock,
One day from out the multitude there came a mighty cheer,
Instead of getting water he got Swan Lager beer.

Goliath was a big man so big and strong and tall
David was a little man, the handy man of Saul,
But David took his little sling and half a brick as well,
And when he slung the brick at him Goliath went to hell.

WRITE YOUR OWN:-

PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE



Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is in the station or while passing through;
Bums and hoboies underneath
Will get it in their eyes and teeth -
And they'll dislike it just as much as you!

If you want to pass some water
Please oblige and call the porter
Who'll place a vessel in the vestibule;
The porter frowns on urination
While the train is in the station -
He's the one who cleans up after you!

If your efforts are in vain
Then simply break a window pane,
A simple trick that's used by quite a few;
But we encourage constipation
While the train is in the station -
If Colonel Light can do it, so can you!

I KEEP MY PANTS UP



I keep my pants up with a piece of twine,
I keep my arms wide open all the time,
I keep myself quite willing all the time -
Because you're mine, Please pull the twine!

HAPPY JACK



I'm Happy Jack the Ripper
I'm happy as can be,
And when I goes a- rippin'
I chuckles gleefully.
The reason why I chuckles so
Is very plain to see,
'Cause when I rips the bodies up
The blood spurts over me.

I'm Happy Jack the Spludger,
I'm happy as can be,
And when I goes a spludgin'
I chuckles gleefully.
The reason why I chuckles so
Is very plain to see,
'Cause when I digs the bodies up
The worms crawl over me.

I'm Happy Jack the Cannibal
. I boils the bodies up
The bones crunch easily.

I'm Happy Jack the Sailor
. The passengers get sick . . .
. They're sick all over me.

I'm Happy Jack the Hangman
. Hangs the bodies up.
. Their eyes pop out at me.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

BITCH A DOG

Bitch, a dog, a female dog;
Itch, a place for you to scratch;
Hitch, I pull my trousers up;
Grab, another word for snatch,
Bath, a place for making gin,
Sex, another word for sin,
Prick, a needle going in,
And that brings us back to
Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch
(repeat ad inf.)

GORY GORY

(Tune - John Brown's Body)

They scraped him off the rocks -
Like a blob of raspberry jam
(Repeat twice)
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory! Gory! what a helluva way to die!
(Repeat twice)
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

They packed him in a rucksack and sent him home to
ma.
Etc.
He's got some broken vertebrae and fifty broken ribs
Etc.
They're looking for the guy who put clinkers in his
boots.
Etc.

OH, I DO WANT TO BE A ROMAN CATHOLIC

Oh I do want to be a Roman Catholic,
Oh I do want to join the Church of Rome.
Oh I do want to be the lackey of the priests
And get as tight as blazes on the major feasts.
The worship of idols is exciting
And when examinations come along,
If your chances are but faint
You light a candle to your Saint;
Come along, Church of Rome.

Oh I do want to be a Roman Catholic,
Oh I do think the Rosary is fun,
They do everything they want, in the pale moonlight,
Confess it in the morning and it's quite alright.
And if Purgatory's fires may depress you,
Indulgences are always up for sale,
You can get a book downtown
With the lot for half a crown,
Come along, Church of Rome.

There's proof in reports from the Dean
On the use of the "Teaching Machine"
That Oedipus Rex
Could have lernt about sex
By himself, without aid from the Queen.

- R. J. B.

SHE WAS POOR, BUT SHE WAS HONEST



She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of the squire's game;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor wot gets the blame;
It's the rich wot gets the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

Then she ran away to London,
For to hide her grief and shame.
There she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her;
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splended mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the house of Commons,
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passions
Trails her way through mud and slime.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says "Farewell, blighted love",
Then a scream, a splash - Good Heavens,
Wot is she a-doing of?

Then they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrang,
For they thought that she was drowned,
But the corpse got up and sang.

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM



The springtime has come
And I'm just out of jail,
Without any money,
Without any bail.

Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
Hallelujah, bum again,
Hallelujah, give us a handout
To revive us again.

I went to a house
And I knocked on the door,
But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
You've been here before."

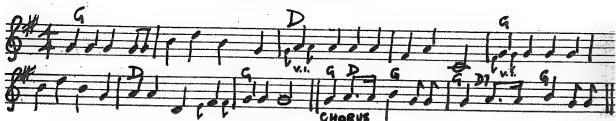
O, I love my boss,
He's a good friend of mine,
And that's why I'm starving,
Out on the breadline.

O, why can't you work
Like other fellers do?
How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do?

O, why don't you pray
For your daily bread?
If that's all I did
I would damn soon be dead.

I went to a house
And asked for some bread.
But the lady said, "Bum, bum,
The baker is dead."

CAVIARE



Caviare comes from the virgin sturgeon,
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin',
That's why caviare is my dish.
My bloody oath it is.
My bloody oath it is.

I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
She was a virgin tried and true.
I gave caviare to my girl-friend,
Now she does what I want her to.
My bloody oath she does.
My bloody oath she does.

I gave caviare to my grandpa,
Grandpa's age was eighty-three.
I gave caviare to my grandpa,
He chased grandma up a tree.
My bloody oath he did.
My bloody oath he did.

My father was the keeper of Eddystone Lighthouse.
Slept with the mermaids every night,
He had offspring one, two, three,
Two were fish and the other was me,
My bloody oath I was.
My bloody oath I was.

I gave caviare to the vicar,
He was deprived of earthly joys.
Now he's in an institution,
For molesting little boys.
My bloody oath he is.
My bloody oath he is.

I gave caviare to my uncle
He'd been sterile all his life;
Now he has twenty-seven children,
Thank the Lord I'm not his wife.
My bloody oath I do.
My bloody oath I do.

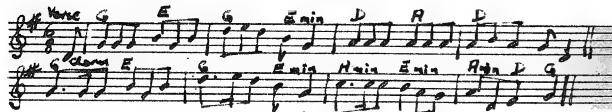
I gave caviare to our rooster,
He had forty-seven wives,
Now our rooster needs no booster,
Hens are running for their lives.
My bloody oath they are.
My bloody oath they are.

And other notables such as the Colonel, the Judge, and many others.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first day of Christmas, my true love sent to me
A French postcard, very filthy.
... second . . . Two virgin maids and a French
postcard, very filthy.
... third . . . Three Girl Guides, two virgin maids
and a
... fourth . . . Four Boy Scouts, three Girl Guides
... fifth . . . Five choir boys, four Boy Scouts . .
... sixth . . . Six convict vicars
... seventh . . . Seven sexy sisters
... eighth . . . Eight useless eunuchs
... ninth . . . Nine naughty nuns
... tenth . . . Ten tired trollops
... eleventh . . . Eleven lecherous lesbians
... twelfth . . . Twelve virgins verging

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER



If all them young ladies were little red vixen
I'd be a fox and I'd chase'm and fix'm
Roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
Roll your leg over the man in the moon
If all them young ladies were little white rabbits
I'd be a fox and I'd teach 'em bad habits

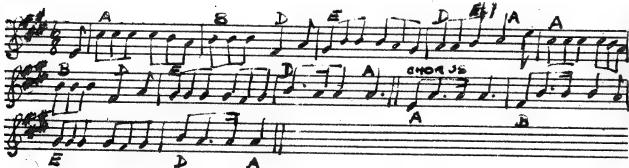
If all them young ladies were bells in a tower
I'd be a sexton and bang on the hour.

If all them young ladies were bats in a steeple.
I'd be a bat, there'd be more bats than people.

If all them young ladies were grapes on a vine
I'd be a plucker and have me a time.

If all them young ladies were bricks in a pile
I'd be a mason and lay 'em in style.

NO - AT ALL



Now come all you people and listen to me
I'll sing you a song that will fill you with glee
It's about a young woman so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no - at all.

No - at all, No - at all,
She married a man who had no - at all.

How well she remembers the night that she wed.
She pulled back the covers and climbed into bed
She reached for his shoulder, his shoulder seemed
small,
She reached for his - he had no - at all.

No - at all, no - at all,
She reached for his - he had no - at all.

Oh mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do,
My sorrows are many, my pleasures are few.
How did you ever allow me to fall
For this miserable wretch who's got no - at all.
etc.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't feel so bad
I had the same trouble with your dear old dad.
And there's many a young fellow will come at the call
Of the wife of the man who's got no - at all.

The daughter did take her dear mother's advice
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice
A seven pound baby was born in the fall.
And the poor little bastard had no - at all.

STUDENT'S LIFE

(Tune: Policeman's song: "Pirates of Penzance")

When a student's not engaged in his employment
(his employment)
Or frustrating his professor's little plans
(little plans)
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
(gent enjoyment)
Is just as great as any other man's.
Our feelings we with difficulty smother
(-culty smother)
When we think of all the essays to be done
(to be done)
Oh, take one consideration with another
(with another)
A student's life is not a happy one.

KING ARTHUR



King Arthur ruled the land - that he did;
And a right good ruler was he - that he was;
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to the
door,
Because they would not sing.

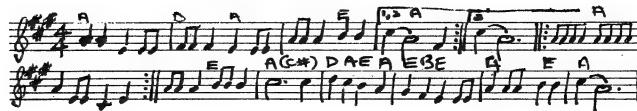
Because they would not sing,
Because they would not sing,
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to
the door,
Because they would not sing.

The first he was a miller - that he was;
The second he was a weaver - that he was;
And the third he was a little tailor boy,
With his broadcloth under his arm.

The miller he stole corn - that he did;
The weaver he stole yarn - that he did;
And the little tailor boy he stole corduroy,
To keep the other fellows warm.

The miller he was drowned in his dam - that he was;
The weaver he was hung by his yarn - that he was;
And the devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm.

OLD KING COLE



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle diddle dee, diddle dee, went the fiddlers,
Very fine men are we;
But there's none so fair that can compare
With the boys of the Varsity.

Jugglers three.
Balls in the air, in the air . . .

Tailors three.
Whip it in and out, in and out, . . .

Painters three.
Slap it up and down, up and down, . . .

Coalmen three.
Do you want it in the front or the back . . .

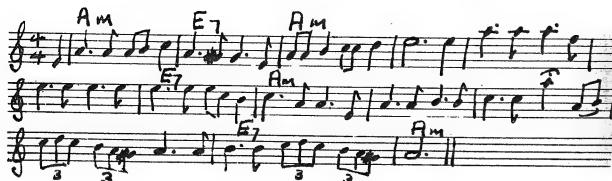
Butchers three.
Chop it in half, in half, . . .

Parsons three.
Goodness gracious me!

Fishermen three.
I had one this long, . . .

Huntsmen three.
Up with the horn in the morn, . . .

RICKETTY TICKETTY TIN



About a maid I'll sing a song,
Sing Ricketty Tickey Tin.
About a maid I'll sing a song,
Who didn't have her family long,
Not only did she do them wrong,
She did every one of them in, them in,
She did every one of them in.

One morning in a fit of pique,
Sing R. T. T.,
One morning in a fit of pique,
She drowned her father in a creek,
The water tasted bad for a week.
And they had to make do with gin, with gin,
And they had to make do with gin.

Her mother, too, she never could stand,
Sing R. T. T.,
Her mother, too, she never could stand,
And so a cyanide soup she planned,
Her mother died with the spoon in her hand,
And her face in a hideous grin, a grin.
And her face in a hideous grin.

She set her sister's hair on fire,
Sing R. T. T.,
She set her sister's hair on fire,
And as the smoke and flames rose higher,
She danced around the funeral pyre,
Playing a violin, a lin,
Playing a violin.

She weighed her brother down with stones,
Sing R. T. T.,
She weighed her brother down with stones,
And sent him down to Davey Jones,
And all they ever found was bones,
And occasional pieces of skin, of skin,
And occasional pieces of skin.

One day when she had nothing to do,
Sing R. T. T.,
One day when she had nothing to do,
She cut her baby brother in two,
And served him up as an Irish Stew,
And invited the neighbours in, in, in,
And invited the neighbours in.

When at last the cops came by,
Sing R. T. T.,
When at last the cops came by,
Her little pranks she did not deny,
For to do so she would have had to lie,
And lying she knew was a sin, a sin,
And lying she knew was a sin.

OH, I LOVE

(Tune "She'll be coming round the mountain")

Oh, I love to see the bosom friend of mine,
Oh, I love to see that bosom friend of mine,
Oh, I love to see that bosom,
Oh, I love to see that bosom,
Oh, I love to see that bosomfriend of mine.

Singing: "I will if you will, so will I."

Oh, she has a lovely naval uniform.

Oh, I gave my girl a baby Austin car.

Oh, she has a shapely bottom set of teeth.

Oh, she took my navey pants down to be cleaned.

GOLIATH OF GARTH



(Thung with a lithp)

Goliath of Garth
 With his helmet of brass,
 One day he sat down
 Upon the green grass;
 Along came slim David
 A servant of Saul,
 And said, I will smite thee
 Although I am small.

So David slipped down
 To the side of the brook
 And from its still waters
 Six small stones he took;
 He skilfully slung one
 It sailed thru the sky
 And smote the old sinner
 Right over the eye.

Goliath fell down
 In a swoon on the sward
 Slim David stepped up
 And swiped his great sword;
 He lifted his helmet
 And chopped off his head,
 And all Israel shouted,
 Yippee! Goliath is dead.

DAHN THE PLUG-'OLE



A lady was barfin' 'er baby one night,
 The poor little fing was so fin and so slight,
 That when she turned rahnd for the soap on the rack,
 It was only a moment, but when she turned back,
 'Er baby was gorn! In 'er 'rror she cried;
 "Oh, where is my baby?" The angels replied:
 "Your baby 'as gorn dahn the plug-'ole,
 Your baby 'as gorn dahn the plug.
 The poor little fing was so 'orribly fin,
 That it ought of been barfed in a jug.
 But your baby is perfectly 'appy,
 And it won't need a barf any more;
 It just drifted away dahn the plug-'ole one day,
 Not lorst - just gorn before".

MY OATH

Prosh week comes but once a year
And fills the Adelaide police with fear;
The students fill themselves with beer -
It is foolish, but it's fun.

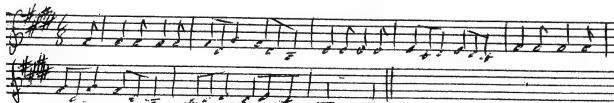
To make the freshers feel at ease
We tie their bed-clothes in the trees
And then remove their bedroom keys -
It's foolish but it's fun.

And then the months go quickly by
And christmas comes again.
Exams are done; results appear,
And we start wondering when

The profs. will stop their wretched task
Of failing two for one they pass;
But they just smirk behind their mask -
It's foolish, but it's fun.

There was a young lady from Thrace
Whose corsets no longer would lace.
Her mother said, "Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face."

OLD MAIDS' CALAMITY



Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Poor old ladies locked in a lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first old maid was little Miss Humphrey,
She went in to get herself comfy,
She got stuck and couldn't get her bum free,
Nobody knew she was there.

The second old maid was little Miss Pender,
She went in to adjust her suspender,
The end got caught in her feminine gender,
Nobody knew she was there.

The third old maid was little Miss Jepson,
She had just taken a large dose of Epsom,
And Oh! the result! It was flotsam and jetsam,
Nobody knew she was there.

The fourth old maid was little Miss Aitken,
Swallowed a seed which commenced germination,
There she took root in a queer situation,
Nobody knew she was there.

The fifth old maid was little Miss Muphett,
She went in to sit on her tuffet,
There was no paper, so she had to ruff it,
Nobody knew she was there.

CAN A NUDIST

(Tune: "Comin' Through the Rye")

Can a nudist be a nudist
Comin' thru' the Rye?

If a nudist is a nudist
Then he'd better not try.

If this nudist is a nudist,
Then let's watch him try,

Because he'll find it tickles awfully
Comin' thru' the Rye.

THE "PRINCESS" OF JERUSALEM

Back in the days of King Knut,
There lived a maid, she was a beaut,
Her skin was pale as passionfruit,
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

Hi, Ho Mathusalem, Mathusalem, Mathusalem,
Hi, Ho Mathusalem, the "Princess" of Jerusalem.

There came a knight, a bragging skite,
A lusty, brasting Israelite,
Who swore that he would woo that night,
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

He took her to a shady nook,
Beside a softly bubbling brook,
And gently in his arms he took
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

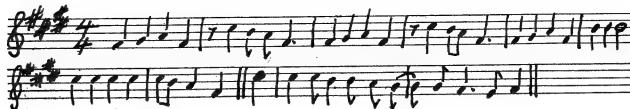
He offered her his richest jewels,
He said her eyes were limpid pools,
But that's a line that never fools
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

But none the less she let him woo,
She took his pearls and diamonds, too,
And then she bade him P. O. Q.
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

And so the bounder came off worst,
She diddled him from last to first,
And from that day he always cursed
The "Princess" of Jerusalem.

There was a pert lass from Madras
Who had a remarkable ass -
Not rounded and pink,
As you probably think.
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

LILIAN



Lil was a girl, she was - a beauty.
She lived in a house of ill-reput-e,
She drank deep of the demon rum,
And she smoked hashish and opium.

De boom boom, de boom boom,
de boom boom boom.

She was young and she was fair,
She had masses of golden hair.
Folks they came for miles to see
Lil in her déshabillé.

Day by day that girl grew thinnner,
From insufficient protein in her,
Until at last the day came when
She had to cover up her abdomen.

She took sunbakes in the sun,
She took Scott's Emulsion,
She took liver, she took yeast,
But still her clientele decreased.

She consulted a physician
Who prescribed for her condition,
She had, as the doctors say,
Pernicious anaem-i-a.

As Lil lay there in her dishonour
She felt the hand of the Lord upon her
She said: "O Lord, I will repent,
But that must cost you fifty cent."

MERRY MONTH OF MAY



Around her neck she wears a yellow ribbon,
She wears it in the springtime in the merry month of
May.
And if you ask her why the heck she wears it,
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
She wears it for a student who is far, far away.

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the springtime in the merry month of
May.
And if you ask him why the heck he keeps it,
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
He keeps it for a student who is far, far away.

Through the park she wheels a p'rambulator,
She wheels it in the springtime in the merry month of
May.
And if you ask her why the heck she wheels it,
She wheels it for a student who is far, far away.

Far away (far away), far away (far away),
She wheels it for a student who is far, far away.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago,
But its gone right to my head.

Wherever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

SECOND VERSION:

Indicate the route to my habitual abode,
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
I had a little snort 60 seconds ago,
But it's gone right to my cerebellum.

Wherever I may perambulate,
On land or sky or agitated water,
You will always hear me intoning this refrain,
Indicate the route to my habitual abode.

THIRD VERSION:

Show me the way to go home,
Said the girl on Henley Beach,
I had a bikini 'bout an hour ago,
But it's floated out of reach.

And all I have on now,
Is sand and sea and foam -
So give me a page of the Sunday Mail
And show me the way to go home.

A rocket explorer named Wright
Once traveled much faster than light.
He set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

THE FLY



Oh there was a little fly and he flew into the store
And he - on the ceiling and he - on the floor,
And he - on the lollies and he - on the jam,
And he - all over the grocery man.

Now the grocery man got his shelltox gun,
To shoot that fly on his little brown - ,
And before you could count out nine or ten
He - - - on the grocer again.

And the fly flew here and the fly flew there,
He - while flying through the air,
He - on the windows and he - on the wall,
He didn't care where he - at all.

So the grocery man chased him round and round,
The fly - silently without a sound,
Then all of a sudden he flew out the door,
'Cos that poor little fly couldn't - any more.

SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES

(Air: "My bonny Lies Over the Ocean")

I've shares in the very best companies,
In tramways, tobacco and tin,
In brothels in Rio Janiero,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

With wealth in the big German steel works,
No wonder I helped Hitler win,
For when he suppresses the trade unions,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My father sent field guns to Franco,
My brother raised loans for Berlin,
My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,
To make sure the money rolled in . . .

My cousin's a starting price bookie,
My mother sells synthetic gin,
My sister sells sin to the sailors,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My brother's a curate in Sydney,
He's saving young girlies from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for a dollar -
My God how the money rolls in . . .

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,
A regular palace of sin,
The principal girl is my grandma,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My Aunt keeps a girls' Seminary,
She's teaching young girls to begin,
She doesn't say where they're to finish.
My god, how the money rolls in . . .

My cousin's a medical student,
With instruments long, sharp and thin,
He only does one operation,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

My Auntie's a boarding-house keeper,
At night when the evening grows dim,
She hangs a red light in the window,
My God, how the money rolls in . . .

In the Garden of Eden sat Adam,
Disporting himself with his madam.
She was filled with elation,
For in all of creation
There was only one man - and she had'm.

SAUSAGE WRAP SERENADE

(Tune: "What shall we do with the drunken Sailor.")

What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
What shall we put in the Daily Paper,
Early in the morning?

Students in the road who riot,
Labour men who won't keep quiet,
Newsheet boys who chance to spy it,
Early in the morning.

Workers on the dole who guzzle,
Communists who need a muzzle,
Winners of crossword puzzle,
Early in the morning,

Suicide of a linen draper,
Duchess poisoned by noxious vapour,
Lady of eighty chased by a raper,
Early in the morning.

Awful international crisis
Idiot reader wins all three prizes,
See how the general public rises,
Early in the morning.

Shove it all down in the Daily Paper;
Cabinet Minister cuts a caper,
Architect felled by his own skyscraper
Early in the morning.

Some of it's truth and some of it's lying,
What's the odds if the public's buying,
Editors never leave off trying,
Early in the morning.

(From Sydney's "Honi Soit")

SIR ROGER OF KILDARE

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fair,
May I go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare?
For he's young and he is handsome,
And he loves me for my sake;
Oh, please, Mother darling, may I go to the fete?

Oh, yes, my darling daughter, you may go to the fair,
You may go with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare.
But although he's young and handsome,
And he loves you for your sake,
Just take the bread and butter when he offers you the
cake.

Oh, poor little Mable, she went to the fair,
She went with Sir Roger, Sir Roger of Kildare,
And he offered her some candy,
And he offered her some cake,
And it wasn't very long before her tum began to ache.

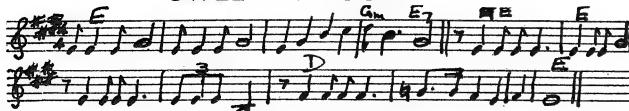
She wears a silken nightie in the summer when it's hot,
She wears her pyjamas in the winter when it's not.
And sometimes in the springtime and sometimes in the
fall
She slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory for the summer when it's hot,
Glory, glory for the winter when it's not.
Glory for the sprintime and glory for the fall
When she slips between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Oh Sir Roger, do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Roger, Do not touch me,
Oh, Sir Roger, do not touch me,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.
(Refrain to be sung with successive omissions).

She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady,
She's a very naughty lady,
As she lay between the sheets with nothing on at all.

SWEET PATOOTIE



I know a girl, name is Annie,
She plays tunes on a Gran Pianie.

CHORUS:

O, sweet Patootie, the thing that I crave,
O, sweet Patootie, she just won't behave.
O, sweet Patootie, carry me to my grave.

I know a girl, her name is Jen
She likes me but she can't stand men.

(Other verses are "adlibbed" about those present at
the party)

I know a girl, she is so tall
She slept in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.

I know a girl, she lives on a hill,
She wouldn't do it but her sister will.

I know a girl who's name is Sue
There's no limit to what she'll do.

One and one is two, two and two are four
If the bed collapses then continue on the floor.

DON'T SEND YOUR DAUGHTER TO THE SHOP

(Tune: Don't put your daughter on the stage, Mrs. W.)

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter the to Shop,
She's been wisely taught at boarding school
That ignorance is bliss,
That petting with boys and other such joys
Are things that she'll never miss.

She's been sheltered
She doesn't indulge in risque talk
Believes the yarn about the stork
And drinks but ginger pop,
So be sure, Mrs. Worthington,
Keep her pure, Mrs. Worthington.
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
If she doesn't succumb inanely to the ravings of the
Reds,
She's bound to slip and lose her grip when she mingles
with the meds.
She'll read James Joyce,
And all those horrible things in Freud
And doubtless she'll be overjoyed
To let repressions drop.
She'll be mastered, Mrs. Worthington.
By some bounder, Mrs. Worthington.
So don't send your daughter to the Shop.

Don't send your daughter to the Shop, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop,
Now some of the younger lecturers have a wonderful
power of speech,
They'll have their flings and practice things they'd
never dare to preach.
And professors for all their degrees
Can cunningly tease.
In tutes she'll sit upon their knees
And won't know when to stop.
So please, Mrs. Worthington,
On my knees, Mrs. Worthington,
Don't send your daughter to the Shop.

(Curses last verse censored.)

Footnote. - "Shop", idiom for University.

MERRY MINUET

They're rioting in Africa,
(Whistle)
They're starving in Spain,
(Whistle)
There's hurricanes in Florida,
(Whistle)
And Australia needs rain.

The whole world is festering,
With unhappy sores,
The French hate the Germans,
The Germans hate the Poles,
Italians hate Yugoslavs,
South Africans hate the Dutch,
And I don't like anybody very much.

But we can be tranquil,
And thankful and proud,
For Man's been endowed,
With a mushroom-shaped cloud,
And we know for certain,
That some lovely day,
Someone will set the spark off,
And we will all be blown away.

They're rioting in Africa,
(Whistle)
There's strife in Iran,
(Whistle)
What nature doesn't do to us,
(Whistle)
Will be done by our fellow man.

I'M A FOUNTAIN

(Tune: Clementine)

I'm a fountain, I'm a fountain,
I'm a fountain, yes I am.
And I'd rather be a fountain
Than a drip.

I'm a suitcase, I'm a suitcase,
I'm a suitcase, yes I am.
And I'd rather be a suitcase
Than a bag.

I'm all sodden, I'm all sodden,
I'm all sodden, yes I am.
And I'd rather be all sodden
Than all wet.

I'm a thrombus, I'm a thrombus,
I'm a thrombus, yes I am.
And I'd rather be a thrombus
Than a clot.

I'm a window, I'm a window,
I'm a window, yes I am.
And I'd rather be a window
Than a pane.

SHE WENT IN A-WADING

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
She went in a-wading, and she got her feet all wet,
But she didn't get her - wet yet.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
But she hasn't got her - wet, yet!

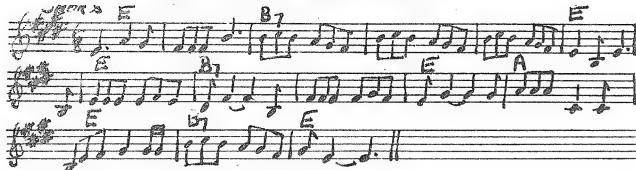
She went in a-wading, and she got her ankles wet,
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her knees all wet,
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and she got her thighs all wet,
But she didn't get her - wet, yet.

She went in a-wading, and the tide came rolling in,
So she got her - wet.

TELL US ANOTHERY



That was a beautiful rhyme
Tell us anothery
Just like the othery,
Tell us anothery do, please do,

There was a Carthusian monk
The saintly old Bishop of Birmingham
On the bank of the river sat Buckingham
There was a young man from Australia
There was a young lady called Myrtle

And other famous men from such places as Perth,
Belair,
Belgrave, Exeter, Calcutta and Bengal, as well as the
police-man at Stillwater Junction, the old monk from
Siberia, nymphomaniacal Alice and countless others.

FAREWELL TO CAREFREE BACHELORY

(Tune: God save Our Gracious Holt)

(Where X = a disyllabic person about to become betrothed
engaged or wed:-)

X is tru-ly hooked,
His f(laming) goose is cooked
Free love is gone!
No more to lie beside
Others than his sweet bride
She must have really tried'
Hi-is self control.

-Learned and Low.



BEST OF REVUE

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL ANTHEM

Oh mighty land where dingoes roam
 In the strange outback while sunlight spills
 From azure skies on the real estate home
 On the rolling plains and rolling hills
 And rolling drunks behind tree trunks.
 Australia: where the tourist feasts
 On wonder and quaint curiosity
 At the native life and peculiar beasts
 Wombats, kangas, the aborigine:-

White Australia, white Australia,
 Land of the not-so-free,
 All praise to thee,
 Oh God, Oh God, Oh God.

Oh mighty land where gum trees bow
 To her sturdy sons victorious,
 With battle won, joyous song allow
 To her sailors heavenly glorious
 With the proud Anzacs in khaki daks.
 Australia: 'neath the kindly gaze
 Of Him whose blessings now do lay
 On this land - so sing his praise
 And give your thanks to L. B. J.
 White Australia . . .

Oh mighty land where Menzies reigns
 And parties split to keep his power
 When all political interest wanes
 As lazy folk from all change cover
 And wish good cheer to our leading peer.
 Australia: where censorship thrives,
 Where soldiers are a dwindling race,
 Where navy men don't care for lives
 While communions vainly try to save face.

BARE BREASTED BLUES

Now modest's outmoded,
 Undressing's not a sin
 Tradition's been exploded.
 The breasted look is in
 The latest dress disclosure
 Direct from overseas
 Has led to fresh exposure
 From the neck down to the knees.

I got those bare breasted
 Hope she's not arrested
 Bare Breasted Blues.

When I go to a Party,
 And someone wants to dance,
 I only do the waltz or something slow
 I know that all the guys
 Don't look into my eyes
 Their gaze is concentrated - well you know

I've got those bare breasted
Hope I'm not arrested
Bare Breasted Blues.

The girls who do the twist
Just don't know what they've missed
Till they do it in a topless evening gown
The laws of gravitation
Produce an oscillation
It's the most exciting movement I have found.

They've got the bare breasted
It's been so much requested
Bare Breasted Blues.

No impediment or Bars,
Now woman's free of bra's
And what they'll take off next we do not know
It may seem rather crude
To suggest they'll end up nude
But there's no telling to what limits they may go.

She's got those bare breasted
Magnificently chested
Hope she's not arrested
It's all been safely tested
It's been so much requested
Bare Breasted Blues.

GREENSLEEVES

(Tune: verse only of Greensleeves)

Alas, good folk you do me wrong
To show such animosity
You ate my food, now despise my song -
The beautiful evergreen Greensleeves.

Sweet and pure was the tune I played
As I passed each road with my icecream load
That noise I made was my mark of trade
I was known by the tune of Greensleeves.

The housewife cheered when I first appeared
And she went no more to the corner store.
Now angry cries stop my enterprise
And my little machine that plays Greensleeves.

As year ago their was wild acclaim,
And the children ran to my icecream van
But the Beatles came and I fell from fame
With my 16th century Greensleeves.

At last the "News" aired the people's views -
Icecream shops swear I played unfair -
With much debate councils sealed my fate
Put an end to my playing of Greensleeves.

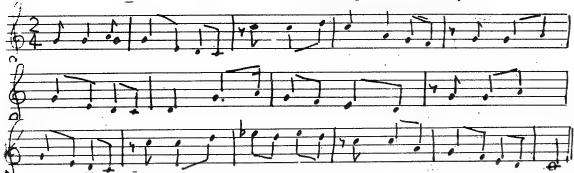
Past are the days when the children ran
To buy something cool as I passed their school.
Ice block to suck from my icecream truck
With its fitted machine that played Greensleeves.

With a bit of luck I can sell each truck
And a rival team buys unused icecream;
But it's really hell when you're trying to sell
One hundred machines that play Greensleeves.

Said Oedipus Rex, growing red,
"Those head-shrinkers! Would they were dead!
They make such a pothe
Because I love mother.
Well, should I love father instead!"

"Austerity now is the fashion,"
Remarked a young lady with passion.
Then she glanced at the bed,
And quietly said,
"But there's one thing no one can ration."

RIDING TO CANTERBURY



(Tune: "Ruler of the Queen's Navee (HMS Pinafore)

The miller's wife was fair and free
She fell in love with Nicholee
But the Romeo from down the street,
Thought he'd give that wench a treat.
Now Nicholas and Alison
Were busy in bed having lots of fun;
When Absalam wooed her from the grass,
All she offered him was her -
Hey nonny nonny.

Riding to Canterbury, Riding to Canterbury,
Riding to Canterbury,
Oh, what a lovely day for Riding to Canterbury,
Singing hey derry-derry, Riding to Canterbury
town.

I'm the wife of Bath, 5 husbands had I,
But none of them were able to satisfy.
For 3 were old, and 2 were young,
From the first I had money, from the second had fun.
The one I loved had sexy legs,
They came together like spring clothes pegs.
But of all these men, the ones I scorn
Are those tired old men with worn out -
Hey nonny nonny.

The fat old merchant was blind-eyed,
He could not keep his wife supplied.
For ecstasy that flows so free
She met another lover up an apple tree.

But his sight came back while she was there,
She said that she was deep in prayer,
He said, "Is this your usual stunt?
You don't pray with your dress up round your -
Hey nonny nonny.

Two students were a-bedded down
With the miller and his wife in a room in town.
The baby in the cradle by the bed they did keep
When the miller's wife went out to - have a breath
of fresh air.
While she was out the cradle they did take,
So when she came back she made a mistake.
By the time she'd discovered he was a two-timer
He was an indeterminate distance inside her -
Hey nonny nonny.

Composed and performed at Intervarsity Choral
Festival 1966, New Norcia, W.A., by Tasmania
University Choral Society.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

We shun the Lambeth Conference,
And the Lambeth Walk,
In Spiritual Seclusion,
We scarcely even talk,
But now let's all unfrock,
To the Plymouth Rock.

Chorus:

So swing your hips together,
Now the word's around
All our other brethren
Are rolling on the ground,
And let's all interlock
To the Plymouth Rock.

Chorus:

David lived with Abishag,
Till he was ninety-three
It says so in the Bible
That's good enough for me
So let's increase our stock
To the Plymouth Rock.

GOOD MORNING

Good morning to the sun, good morning to the hills,
Good morning to the chickens and the hens,
Good morning to the cows, good morning to the roosters,
Good morning to the piggies in their pens.

Good morning, good morning, to everything in sight,
And by the time we'd finished saying good morning
It was time to say . . .

Good night to the sun, good night to the hills . . . etc.

(Repeat as many times as desired until . . .)

Go away! to the sun, go away! to the hills,
Go away! to the chickens and the hens,
Go away! to the cows, go away! to the roosters,
Go away! to the piggies in their pens.

For we're tired of saying good morning,
And we're tired of saying good night,
And we want to get some sleep.

COMFORT OF THE LAW

Have you ever been a bankrupt? have you ever been in debt
And the creditors besiege you by the score?
Well, if you have met this kind of strife
Then I will bet my life
That you've had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever bought a lady for the price it takes to sin
And she's left you with your pants down at the door?
If you've met this kind of strife,
Then I will bet my life,
That you've had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever peddled dope, on the easy payment scheme,
And you've advertised your product door to door?
I'll bet your embarrassment was exquisite
When the policeman paid his visit,
And you had to seek the comfort of the law.

Have you ever loved a lady of whose age you were not sure
And you've found she was 14 not 24?
If you've met this kind of strife,
Then I will bet my life,
You've had to seek the comfort of the law.

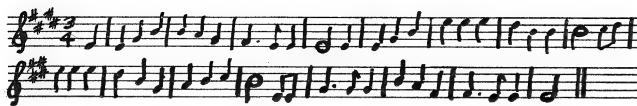
Have you ever taken drink with a charming lady fair,
And you've told her you're a lonely bachelor?
And although you gave her gin,
She still refused to sin,
And you had to seek the comfort of the law -
Consult a lawyer, a lawyer,
Da dum, dum, dum, dum dee.



AUSTRALIAN FOLK SONGS

65

BOLD TOMMY PANE



I'll tell you a story, it's sad but it's true
Of the wild pigs where I come from, and the damage
they do.

Oh there once was a farmer called bold Tommy Pane,
Who grew some sweet pinder and Q-50 cane.

'Twas late in the evening when an old boar he came,
And started a-dining on Bold Tommy's cane.
Then up stepped Bold Tommy, the fire in his eye,
And he cursed and he swore that the old boar would die.

He reached for his rifle that stood by the door,
He called for his pig-dogs and they came by the score;
Then out to the canefield all dressed for the fray,
In waistcoat and trousers Bold Tom made his way.

As he stood on the cane-break he gazed all around,
Then quickly he turned as he heard a strange sound,
As the big boar came a-charging straight for old Tom,
The dogs were all barking and the battle was on.

Up jumped Bold Tommy, six feet in the air,
As he straddled that grunter he heard his pants tear,
Oh you should've heard the language and the words of
Bold Tom,
When he found to his sorrow that his trousers were gone.

Out in old Spewall, where the pinder doth grow,
The folks tell the story and they ought to know,
They say in the mountains an old boar resides,
And they say that he's still wearing bold Tommy's strides.

MORETON BAY



One Sunday morning as I went walking
By Brisbane waters I chanced to stray,
And I heard a convict his fate bewailing,
As on the sunny river bank he lay:
"I am a native of Erin's island,
Though banished now from my native shore,
They tore me from my aged parents,
And from the maiden whom I do adore.

"I've been a prisoner at Port Macquarie,
At Norfolk Island and Emu Plains,
At Castle Hill and at cursed Toongabbie,
At all those settlements I've worked in chains;
But of all places of condemnation
And penal stations in New South Wales
To Moreton Bay I have found no equal,
Excessive tyranny each day prevails.

"For three long years I've been beastly treated,
And heavy irons on my legs I wore;
My back with flogging is lacerated
And often painted with my crimson gore.
And many a man from downright starvation
Lies mouldering now underneath the clay;
And Captain Logan he had us mangled
At the triangles of Moreton Bay.

DROVER'S DREAM



One night while travelling sheep, my companions lay asleep, there was not a star to 'luminate the sky, I was dreaming, I suppose, for my eyes were nearly closed, when a very strange procession passed me by. First there came a kangaroo with his swag of blankets blue, a dingo ran beside him as his mate; They were travelling mighty fast, but they shouted as they passed, "We'll have to jog along, it's getting late."

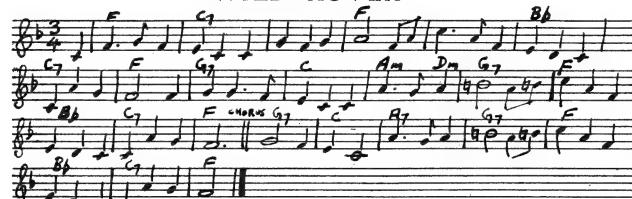
The pelican and the crane, they came in from off the plain, to amuse the company with a Highland fling; The dear old bandicoot, played a tune upon his flute, and the native bears sat around them in a ring. The drongo and the crow, sang us songs of long ago, while the frill-necked lizard listened with a smile; And the emu standing near with his claw up to his ear said "Funniest thing I've heard for quite a while!"

The frogs from out the swamp, where the atmosphere is damp, came bounding in and sat upon the stones; They each unrolled their swags, and produced from out their bags the violin, the banjo and the bones. The goanna and the snake and the adder wide awake with the alligator danced "The Soldier's Joy." In the spreading silky oak the jackass cracked a joke, and the magpie sang "The Wild Colonial Boy".

Some brolgas darted out from the tea-tree all about, and performed a set of Lancers very well.

Then the parrot green and blue gave the orchestra its cue to strike up "The Old Log Cabin in the Dell." I was dreaming, I suppose, of these entertaining shows, but it never crossed my mind I was asleep, Till the boss beneath the cart woke me up with such a start, yelling, "Dreamy, where the hell are all the sheep?"

WILD ROVER



I've been a wild rover this many a year
And spent all my money on whisky and beer,
But now I've returned with gold in great store
And I never shall play the wild rover no more.

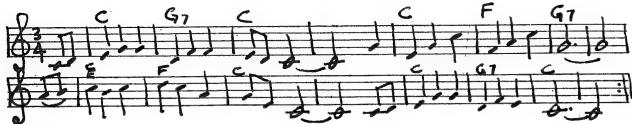
No, no, never
Never no more,
I never shall play
The wild rover no more.

I went in to a shanty I used to frequent
And told the landlady my money was spent,
I asked her for credit, she answered me, "Nay,
Such a custom as yours I can get any day."

Theh I drew from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,
The landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
Said she, "I have whisky and wines of the best,
And the words that I've told you were only in jest."

I'll go to my parents, confess what I've done
And ask them to pardon their prodigal son,
And if they will do so, as they've done before,
Then I never will play the wild rover no more.

BOTANY BAY



Farewell to Old England forever,
Farewell to my rum culls as well,
Farewell to the well-known Old Bailey,
Where I used for to cut such a swell.

Singing tooral, liooral liaditty,
Singing tooral, liooral, liay,
Singing tooral, liooral liaditty,
For we're bound for Botany Bay.

There's the captain as is our commander,
There's the bosun and all the ship's crew,
There's the first and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts go through.

Tain't leaving Old England we cares about,
Tain't 'cos we mispells wot we knows,
But because all we light-fingered gentry
Hops round with a log on our toes.

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle-dove!
I'd soar on my pinion so high,
Slap bang to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her sweet presence I'd die.

Now all my young Dookies and Duchesses,
Take warning from what I've to say:
Mind all is your own as you toucheses,
Or you'll find us in Botany Bay.

WALTZING MATILDA



Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy
boiled,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker
bag,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three;
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker
bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.
You'll never catch me alive, said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that
billabong,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

THE OVERLANDER

There's a trade you all know well,
It's bringing cattle over.
On every track, to the Gulf and back,
Men know the Queensland drover.

Pass the billy round, my boys!
Don't let the pint-pot stand there!
For tonight we drink the health
Of every overlander.

I come from the Northern plains
Where the girls and grass are scanty;
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high,
And it's either drought or plenty.

There are men from every land,
From Spain and France and Flanders;
They're a well-mixed pack, both white and black,
The Queensland overlanders.

When we've earned a spree in town
We live like pigs in clover;
And the whole year's cheque pours down the neck
Of many a Queensland drover.

As I pass along the roads,
The children raise my dander
Crying, "Mother dear, take in the clothes,
Here comes an overlander!"

Now I'm bound for home once more,
On a prad that's quite a goer;
I can find a job with a crawling mob
On the banks of the Maranoa.

WILD COLONIAL BOY

'Tis of a wild colonial boy, Jack Doolan was his name,
Of poor but honest parents he was born in Castlemaine;
He was his father's only hope, his mother's only joy,
And dearly did his parents love the wild colonial boy.

He was scarcely sixteen years of age when he left his
father's home,
And through Australia's sunny clime a bushranger did
roam.
He robbed those wealthy squatters, their stocks he did
destroy,
And a terror to Australia was the wild colonial boy.

In '61 this daring youth commenced his wild career,
With a heart that knew no danger, no foeman did he
fear;
He stuck up the Beechworth mail coach, and robbed
Judge McEvoy,
Who trembled and gave up his gold to the wild colonial
boy.

He bade the Judge good morning and told him to beware,
That he'd never rob a hearty chap that acted on the
square,
And never to rob a mother of her only son and joy,
Or else he might turn outlaw like the wild colonial boy.

One day as he was riding the mountain side along,
A-listening to the Kookaburras, pleasant laughing
song.
Three mounted troopers rode along; Kelly, Davis and
Fitzroy;
They thought that they would capture him, the wild
colonial boy.

Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to
one,
Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highwayman.
He drew a pistol from his belt and shook the little toy,
I'll fight but not surrender, said the wild colonial boy.

He fired at Trooper Kelly and brought him to the
ground,
And in return from Davis received a mortal wound.
And shattered through the jaw he lay, still firing at
Fitzroy,
And that's the way they captured him, the wild colonial
boy.

WALLABY STEW



Poor Dad he got a five-year stretch as everybody knows,
And now he lives in Boggo Road, broad arrows on his
clothes,
He branded old Brown's clearskins, and never left a tail;
So I'll relate the family's fate since Father went to jail.

So stir the wallaby stew! Make soup of the kangaroo
tail!
I tell you things is pretty crook since Father went to
jail.

Our sheep all died a month ago, not rot but blooming
fluke;
The cow was boozed last Christmas Day by elder brother
Luke;
I sold the buggy on my own, the place is up for sale.
That won't be all that has been junked when Dad gets out
of jail!

Our Bess got shook upon some bloke who's gone we don't
know where;
He used to act around the sheds, but he ain't acted
square.
And Mother's got a shearer cove forever at her tail -
The family will have grown a bit when Dad gets out of
jail!

They let Dad out before his time to give us a surprise.
He looked around at all of us and gently blessed our eyes;
He shook hands with the shearer cove, and said that things
seemed stale;
Then left him there to shepherd us, and battled back to
jail.

You have written a sonnet, said Chloe,
On my bosom so rounded and snowy.
You have sent me some verse on
Each part of my person.
That's lovely,. Now do something, bo-y!

There was a young wife who begat
Three husky boys, Nat, Pat, and Tat.
They all yelled for food,
And a problem ensued
When she found there was no tit for Tat



FOLK AND TRADITIONAL

ABDUL



The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah,
Was Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or shout, "Attaboy" in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they always sent out,
For Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Now the heroes were plenty and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But of all the most daring of fame or of name
Was Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

One day this bold Russian had shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Young man," quoth Abdul, "has life grown so dull
That you wish to end your career,
For vile infidel know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

"Oh take your last look at sunshine and brook,
And send your regards to the Czar,
For by this I imply, that you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

Then Abdul the brute drew his trusty skabuke,
With a cry of "Allah Akabar!"
With murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

They fought all that night, 'neath the pale yellow light,
The din, it was heard from afar;
And the multitude came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact, he was shouting "Huzzah!"
He felt himself struck by the wily Kalmuk,
Count Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The Sultan rode by in his red-breasted fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only got there to hear the last prayer
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir.

Czar Petravich II, in his spectacles blue,
Rode up in his new crested car;
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar.

The tomb shadows rose where the blue Volga flows,
Engraved there in characters clear,
"O stranger when passing pray for the soul
Of Abdul A-Bulbul Emir."

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps
'Neath the light of the cold polar star,
And the name that she murmurs as oft as she weeps
Is "Ivan Skavinsky-Skavar."

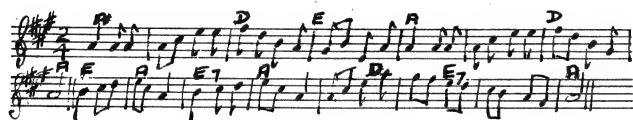
GOOD LITTLE GIRLS

Good little girls should be in bed by seven,
They shouldn't stay out too late.
"Early to bed", the wise man said:
It's no good to wait
Until its half past eight.
For nice ladies never have late nights -
They only get exhausted in pillow fights
Good little girls should be in bed by seven
So they can be home by ten.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai la tête,
Je te plumerai la tête,
Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec,
Je te plumerai le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête, Oh!
(le nez, les yeux, les ailes,
le dos, les jambes, les pieds).

EARLY ONE MORNING



Early one morning, just as the sun was rising
I heard a maid sing in the valley below.

Oh don't deceive me
Oh never leave me
How could you use a poor maiden so.

Oh gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow, etc.

Remember the vows that you made to your Mary
Remember the bower where you vowed to be true, etc.

Thus sang the poor maiden her sorrows bewailing
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below, etc.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

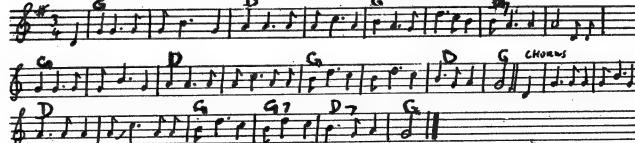
While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night,
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night.
O'er my bosom gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night.

Love, to thee her watch is keeping
All through the night.
All for thee my heart is yearning,
All through the night.
Though sad fate our lives may sever,
Parting will not last forever;
There's a hope that leaves me never,
All through the night.

(Welsh Traditional Song).

Tune: "All Through the Night"
Dunlop products keep you comfy
All through the night,
Rest assured in perfect safety,
All through the night.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS



In Dublin's fair city, where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel barrow,
Thro' streets broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.

Alive, alive-O! Alive, Alive-O!
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheel'd their barrow, thro' streets
broad and narrow,
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.

She died of a fever, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone,
But her ghost wheels her barrow, thro' streets broad
and narrow
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O.
Alive, Alive-O! Alive, Alive-O!
Crying Cockles and Mussels! Alive, Alive-O!

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern by a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine!

Light she was and like a fairy,
Though her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter -
Fell into the foaming brine.

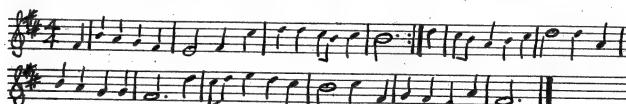
Saw her lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses and other posies
Fertilised by Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, How I missed her
How I missed my Clementine
But I kissed her little sister
And forgot my Clementine.

BECAUSE ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS



(tune: O Haupt voll Blut (J.S. Bach)

Because all Men are brothers
Wherever men may be,
One union shall unite us -
Forever proud and free.
No tyrant shall defeat us,
No nation strike us down;
All men who toil shall greet us
The whole wide world around.

Continued

My brothers are all others,
Forever hand in hand;
Where chimes the Bell of Freedom,
There is my native land;
My brother's fears are my fears,
Yellow, white or brown,
My brother's tears are my tears
The whole wide world around.

Let every voice be thunder,
Let every heart beat strong;
Until all tyrants perish
Our work shall not be done.
Let not our memories fail us,
The lost years shall be found.
Let slavery's chains be broken
The whole wide world around.

AS T'OTHER DAY

As T'other day Susan and Tom trudg'd along
Says Susan to Tom: "Come let's join in a song"
Then strait they began, but he could not go through,
"Put me in, put me in, put me in Sue", he cried,
Or else it won't do".

Sue smilingly replied, Sue smilingly replied,
"You lubberly lout- put you in, you soon will be out,
you'll be out, you'll be out,
Oh, my dear you soon will be out."

Says Sam overhearing as driving his cart:
"Since Tom can't keep in, let me fill the part,
Fill the part, let me, let me, if Tom can't
keep in let me fill the part.

CARELESS LOVE

Love, oh, love, oh careless love,
Love, oh, love, oh careless love,
Love, oh, love, oh careless love,
You see what love has done to me.

I love my mama and papa too (3)
I'd leave them both to go with you.

What, oh what, will mama say (3)
When she learns I've gone astray.

Once I wore my apron low (3)
I couldn't scarcely keep you from my door.

Now my apron strings don't pin (3)
You pass my door and you don't come in.

Don't you marry a railroad man (2)
A railroad man will kill you if he can,
And he'll drink your blood, drink it like wine.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN

(Chanty)

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
Wa-ay, blow the man down,
Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,
Oh, give me some time, to blow the man down.

We went over the Bar on the thirteenth of May,
The galloper jumped and the gale came away.

Oh, the rags they was gone, and the chains they was
jammed,
And the skipper sez he, "Let the weather be hanged."

Oh, its sailors is tinkers and tailors is men,
And we're all of us coming to see you again.

So we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down,
And we'll blow him away into Liverpool Town.

GENDARMES' DUET

We're public guardians bold and wary,
And of ourselves we take good care;
To risk our precious lives we're chary
When danger looms we're never there.
But when we meet a helpless woman
Or little boys that do no harm.

We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.
We run them in, we run them in,
We run them in, we run them in,
We show them we're the bold gendarmes.

Sometimes our duty's extra-mural-
And little butterflies we chase;
We like to gambol in things rural:
Commune with nature face to face.
Unto our beats then back returning,
Refreshed by nature's holy charms.

If gentlemen do make a riot,
And punch each other's heads at night;
We're quite disposed to keep it quiet,
Provided that they make it right,
But if they do not seem to see it,
Or give to us our proper terms.

Sometimes as specials we're on duty
To guard the water works and such,
We've each a truncheon that's a beauty,
But we don't use them very much.
You scoundrel there what's that you're after
Ach no, my friend, I vos no harm.

COME ALL YE FAIR AND TENDER LADIES

Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Be careful how you court young men,
They're like a star in a summer's morning,
First appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story,
They'll tell to you some far-flung lie,
And then they'll go and court another,
And for that other one pass you by.

If I'd a-knowned before I courted,
That love, it was such a killin' crime
I'd a-locked my heart in a box of golden
And tied it up with a silver line.

I wish I was some little sparrow
That I had wings could fly so high,
I'd fly away to my false true lover
And when he's talking' I'd be by.

But as I am no little sparrow
And have no wings so I can't fly,
I'll go away to some lonesome valley
And weep and pass my troubles by.

CHUNDERED IN THE OLD PACIFIC SEA

Oh, I was down by Manly pier,
Drinking tchoobes of ice-cold beer,
With a bucket full of prawns upon me knee;
But when I swallowed the last prawn,
I had a technicolour yawn,
And I chundered in the old Pacific Sea.

Drink it up! Drink it up!
Crack another dozen tchoobes and prawns with me;
If you wanna throw ya voice,
Mate, ya haven't any choice
But to chunder in the old Pacific sea.

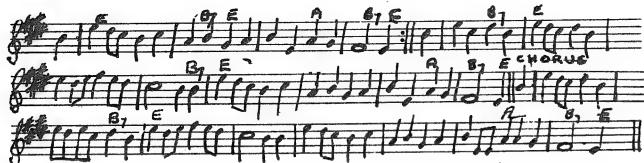
I was sitting in the surf,
When a mate of mine called Murph
Asked if he could have a tchoobe or two with me;
The bastard barely swallowed it
When he went for the big spit
And he chundered in the old Pacific sea.

I've had liquid laughs in baths
And I've hurled from moving cars;
I've chuckled when and where it suited me;
But if I could choose the spot
To regurgitate the lot -
Then I'd chunder in the old Pacific sea.

MAD PASSIONATE LOVE

They was making mad, passionate love - mad passionate
love,
There in the park they was happy as a lark, billing and
cooing
They was making mad, passionate love - mad passionate
love,
There all alone in a world of their own, doing their
wooing.
He whispered "I love you, my heart's all a-twitter over
you -
We'll feather a love nest if you love me too."
They was making mad, passionate love - mad, passionate
love
Then the lightning flashed and the thunder crashed
So the two little birdies flew away.
So the two little birdies flew away.

VICAR OF BRAY



In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A furious High Churchman I was,
And so I gained preferment;
Unto my flock I daily preached
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those who dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.

And this is law I will maintain
Unto my daying day, Sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
I will be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When royal James obtained the Crown
And Pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease a nation's grieveance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I become a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

BLUE TAIL FLY



When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue tail fly.

Jimmy crack corn and I don't care (3 times),
My master's gone away.

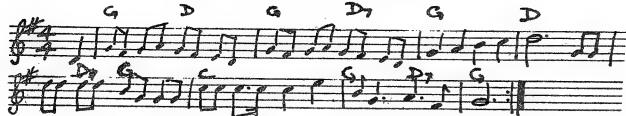
And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue tail fly.

One day he ride around the farm,
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One chance to bite the pony's thigh;
The devil take the blue tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, and pitch;
He throw my master in the ditch.
My master died, and they wondered why;
The verdict was - the blue tail fly.

They lay him under a 'simmon tree;
His epitaph is there to see;
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie,
Victim of the blue tail fly."

FIRE DOWN BELOW



A simple village maiden
With red and rosy cheeks,
To me way! hay! hee! hi! ho!
Who went to Church and Sunday School,
And sang the anthem sweet,
There's a fiyer down below!

There's a fiyer in the galley
And in the cabin, too-hoo,
To me way! hay! hee! hi! ho!
But no fiyer in the fo'sc'le,
And it's cold are the crew,
There's fiyer down below.

The parson was a misery,
So scraggy and so thin,
To me way! hay! hee! hi! ho!
He said, "Look 'ere, you people,
If you live a life of sin,
There's a fiyer down below!"

He took his text from Malachi,
And pulled a weary face,
To me way! hay! hee! hi! ho!
I took my leave and sailed away,
That's how I fell from grace,
There's a fiyer down below!

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company.

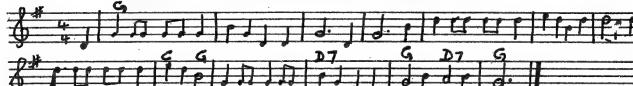
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity

Ah. Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

FROG WENT A-COURTIN'



A frog went a courtin' and he did go, Uh-huh (3 times)
Into the wood for the midnight show Uh-huh, uh-huh,
uh-huh.

He waddled up to Molly Mouse's side uh-huh (3 times)
Said "Molly dear will you be my bride?" Uh-huh,
uh-huh, uh-huh.

Not without my Uncle Rat's consent, Oh no! (3 times)
I wouldn't marry the president, Oh no, oh no, oh no!

The Rat said Jack you'd better hit the road, Uh-huh (3 times)
You ain't no frog you're a horny toad, uh-huh, uh-huh,
uh-huh.

They would have had some funny lookin' kids they would,
(twice)
Could you imagine a hairy frog
Prayin' to the moon on a mossy log? uh-huh, uh-huh,
uh-huh.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain,
Over the seas, and everywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain:-
"Let my people go!"

Who's that yonder dressed in red?
Let my people go.
Must be the children that Moses led.
Let my people go.
Who's that yonder dressed in red?
Must be the children that Moses led.
Go tell it on the mountain:-
"Let my people go!"

Who's that yonder dressed in white?
Must be the children of the Israelite.

Who's that yonder dressed in black?
Must be the hypocrites turning back.

HULLABALOO BALAY

Me father kept a boarding house,
Hullabaloo balay!
Hullabaloo balah balay!
Me father kept a boarding house,
Hullabaloo balay!

The boarding house was on the quay,
But the lodgers were nearly all at sea.

A flash young fellow called Shallow Brown,
He ogled my mother all round the town.

My father said "young man, me b'y"
To which he quickly made reply.

Next day while dad was in the "Crown",
Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown.

Me father slowly pined away,
'Cos mother came back on the following day.

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun,
It's been the ruin of many poor girls,
And me, Oh God, I'm one.

My mother she's a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans,
My father he's a gambling man,
Drinks down in New Orleans.

My husband, he's a gambler,
He goes from town to town,
The only time he's satisfied,
When he drinks his liquor down.

Go tell my baby sister,
Never do what I have done -
Shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

YOU OLD FOOL



When I came home the other night, so drunk I couldn't see,
 There was a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be.
 I said to my wife: "My pretty little wife, explain this thing to me -
 What's this horse doing in the stable where my horse ought to be?
 'You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see?
 It's nothing but a milk-cow that my mother sent to me!"
 I've travelled this wide world over, 10,000 miles and more,
 But saddle and a bridle on a milk-cow I never did see before!

When I came home the next night, so drunk I could not see
 There was a hat on the hat-rack where my hat ought to be,
 I said to my wife: "My pretty little wife, explain this thing to me -
 What's this hat doing on the hat-rack where my hat ought to be?"
 "You old fool, you blind fool, can't you plainly see
 It's nothing but a chamber-pot my mother sent to me!"
 I've travelled this wide world over, 10,000 miles and more,
 But a J. B. Stetson chamberpot I never did see before!

There was a pair of boots under the bed
 nothing but some milkjugs
 spurs on a milk-jug I never did see before!

There was a pair of pants on the chair
 nothing but a dish rag
 cuffs and a zipper on a dish rag I never did see before!

There was a head on the pillow
 nothing but a marshmallow
 a moustache on a marshmallow I never did see before!

(It's a good thing I'm not of a suspicious nature!)



When next you see a hearse go by,
 Let's all remember we have to die.

Ooh! Aah!
 Let's all be merry and gay.

They wrap you up in a hessian shirt,
 And shovel you in with a ton of dirt.

Your eyes fall in and your teeth fall out,
 Your brains come trickling down your snout,

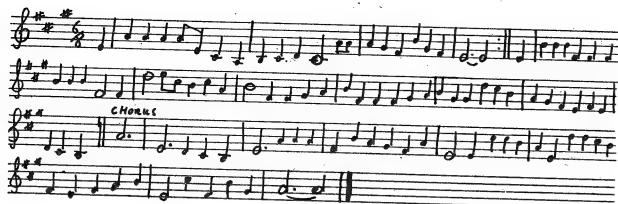
The worms crawl in and the worms crawl out,
 They crawl in thin and they crawl out stout.

Your skin it turns a bilious green,
 And pus comes out like thick whipped cream.

Hasten, Jason, bring the bason.
 Too late, flip-flop, bring the mop.

When next you see a hearse go by,
 Let's all remember we have to die.

HIPPOPOTAMUS SONG



A bold hippopotamus was standing one day,
On the banks of the cool Shalimar,
He gazed at the bottom as it peacefully lay,
By the light of the evening star,
Away on a hill top sat combing her hair, his fair
hippopotama maid,
The hippopotamus was no ignoramus and sang her this
sweet serenade.

Mud, mud, glorious mud,
Nothing quite like it for cooling the blood,
So follow me, follow, down to the hollow,
And there let us wallow in glorious mud.

The fair hippopotama he aimed to entice,
From her seat on that hilltop above
As she hadn't got a ma to give her advice,
Came tiptoeing down to her love,
Like thunder the forest reechoed the sound of the song
that they sang as they met,
His inamorata adjusted her garter and lifted her voice
in duet :-

Now more hippopotae began to convene,
On the banks of that river so wide,
I wonder now what am I to say of the scene
That ensued by the Shalimar side,
They dived in at once with an ear-splitting splash then
rose to the surface again,
A regular army of hippopotami, all singing this haunting
refrain:-

OH, NO, JOHN!



On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know;
I'll go and ask her hand in marriage,
She must answer yes or no.

O no John; no John; no John - no!

O madam in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow;
Will you take me for your husband?
Madam answer yes or no.

O madam I will give you jewels,
I will make you rich and free,
I will give you silken dresses -
Madam will you marry me?

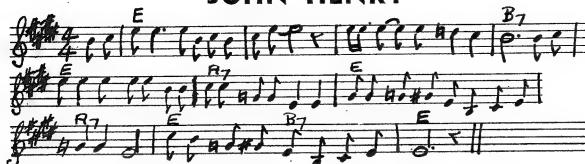
"My father was a Spanish captain,
Went to sea a month ago;
First he kissed me, then he left me,
Bade me always answer no."

O madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so;
If I may not be your husband,
Madam, will you let me go?

Then I will stay with you forever,
If you will not be unkind,
Madam, I have vowed to love you,
Would you have me change my mind?

O hark, I hear the church bells ringing,
Will you come and be my wife,
Or, dear madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?

JOHN HENRY



When John Henry was a little baby
He was sitting on his daddy's knee,
Well, he pointed his finger at a little piece of steel
Said it's gonna be the death of me,
Lord, Lord, it's gonna be the death of me.

Well, the captain says to John Henry,
I'm gonna bring me a steam drill round,
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
Gonna whap that steel on down;
Lord, Lord, I'll whap that steel on down.

Then John Henry says to the captain;
A man ain't nothin' but a man,
But before I let your steam drill beat me down
I'm gonna die with this hammer in my hand;
Lord, Lord, I'll die with this hammer in my hand.

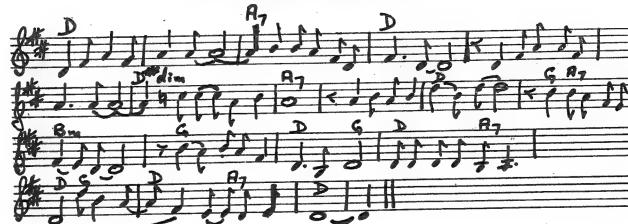
Then John Henry says to his shaker,
Shaker, why don't you sing?
I'm throwin' twelve pounds from my hips on down.
Just listen to this cold-steel ring;
Lord, Lord, just listen to this cold steel ring.

Well, John Henry was hammering on the mountain
And his hammer was a-strikin' fire,
And drove so hard he broke his poor heart,
And he laid down his hammer and he died.
Lord, Lord, he laid down his hammer and he died.

Well, they took John Henry to the grave-yard,
And they buried him in the sand;
And every locomotive come roaring by
Say there lies a steel-driving man;
Lord, Lord, well there lies a steel-drivin' man.

Well, some said he came from Texas,
And some said he came from Maine,
But I don't give a damn where the poor boy was from,
'Cos he was a steel-drivin' man;
Lord, Lord, 'cos he was a steel-drivin' man.

HAMMER SONG



If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening all over this land;
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land;
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning,
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land;
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning,
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

Well I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell
And I've got a song to sing all over this land;
It's the hammer of justice, it's the Bell of Freedom
It's a song about love between my brothers and my sisters
All over this land.

JAMAICA FAREWELL



Down the way where the nights are gay,
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop.

But I'm sad to say, I'm on my way,
Won't be back for many a day,
My heart is down, my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls swing to and fro,
I must declare my heart is there,
'Though I've been from Maine to Mexico.

Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Haki, rice, salt fish are nice,
And the rum is fine any time of year.

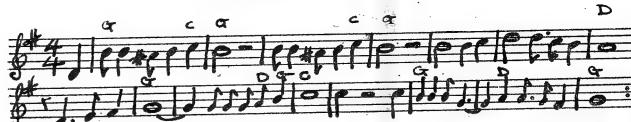
Repeat the first verse.

MULES

(Air: Auld Lang Syne)

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for:
When we're behind the two behind,
We find what these be for -
So stand before the two behind,
And behind the two before.

SLOOP JOHN B



We came on the sloop John B.,
My grandfather and me;
Around Nassau town we did roam,
Drinking all night,
Got into a fight,
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.

Hoist up the John B. sails,
See how the main sail sets,
Call for the Captain ashore,
I want to go home;
Let me go home,
Let me go home,
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.

First Mate, he got drunk,
Broke up the people's trunk.
Constable had to come
And take him away.
Sheriff John Stone,
Why don't you leave me alone?
Well, I feel so broke up,
I want to go home.

Well, the poor cocky got the fits,
Throw away all of my grits,
Then he took and he ate up all of my corn.
Let me go home,
I want to go home;
This is the worst trip,
Since I've been born.

I WISH I WAS



(thung with a lithp)

Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow,
Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow,
I would sit upon the steeple,
And I'd spit upon the people;
Oh, I wish I was a little english sparrow.

Oh, I wish I was another english sparrow, (repeat)
I would sit upon the spire,
And I'd spit upon the choir;
Oh, I wish I was another english sparrow.

Oh, I wish I was a little mosquito,
I would buzzzy and I'd bitey
Under everybody's nightie;
Oh I wish I was a little mosquito,

Oh, I wish I was a little cake of soap,
I would slippy and I'd slidey
Over Brigitte Bardot's hidey;

Oh, I wish I was a little keg of beer,
I would go down with a slurpy
And I'd come up with a burpy;

Oh, I wish I was a little stripey skunk,
I would sit up in the treees
And I'd perfume all the breezes;

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part,
must part;
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you;
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle-dove,
To signify I died of love.

SKYE BOAT SONG



Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing.
Onward the sailors cry;
Carry the lad that's born to be king,
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunder claps rend the air,
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed,
Rocked in the deep Flora will keep,
Watch by your weary head.

Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

I AIN'T GONNA GRIEVE MA LORD NO MORE

Oh, the deacon went down (Oh, the deacon went down)
To the cellar to pray, (To the cellar to pray,)
And he done got drunk (And he done got drunk)
And he stayed all day. (And he stayed all day.)
Oh, the deacon went down to the cellar to pray,
And he done got drunk and he stayed all day.

I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more,
Oh, I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more,
I ain't gonna grieve ma Lord no more.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven on roller-skates,
'Cos you'll roll right past them Pearly Gates.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven in a woman's arms,
For St. Paul decries them feminine charms.

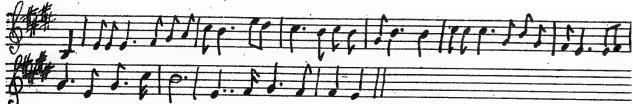
Oh, you can't go to Heaven with poor Blind Nell,
'Cos she's booked up to go to Hell.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven on a pair of skis,
For you'll slide right past St. Peter's knees.

Oh, you can't go to Heaven with a bottle of beer,
'Cos the Lord will say, "ONLY SPIRITS HERE".

Oh, if you get to Heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me through.

SHENANDOAH



O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, you rolling river,
O Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound to go,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter.

'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee,
'Tis seven long years since last I saw thee.

Seven long years I courted Sally,
Seven more I longed to have her.

Oh Shenandoah, I took a notion,
To sail across the stormy ocean.

Farewell my dear, I'm bound to leave you,
Oh Shenandoah; I'll not deceive you.

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

THE FOGGY FOGGY DEW



Oh, I was a bachelor, I lived all alone,
And I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid,
I woo'd her in the winter time,
And in the summer, too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
As I lay fast asleep;
She lay her head down on my bed
And she began to weep,
She sighed, she cried, she damned near died,
Ah me! What could I do?

So I took her into bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now in the early part of the night
We did both sport and play
And in the latter part of the night
In my arms she lay
And when the first of morning came
She cried: "I am undone"
"Oh stop your crying, you foolish young maid,
For the foggy, foggy dew is gone."

Still I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every, every time that I look into his eyes
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
Reminds me of the winter time,
And of the summer, too,
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

(a traditional song from the North of England).

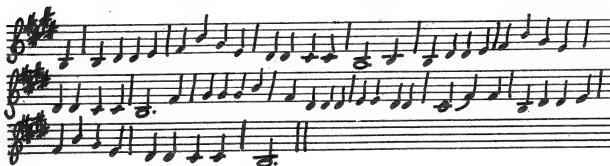
Evangeline Alice Du Bois
Committed a dreadful faux pas.
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté
Exposing her je ne sais quoi.

IKLA MOOR

Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?
On Ikla Moor baht 'at.
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?
Whear 'as tha bin sin' ah saw thee?
On Ikla Moor baht 'at, on Ikla Moor baht 'at,
On Ikla Moor haht 'at

Tha's bin a-coortin' Mary Jane.
Tha'll go and get thy deearth o' coold.
Then we s'all ha' to bury thee.
Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee oop.
Then t'ducks'll come an' ate oop t'worms.
Then we shall go an' ate oop t' ducks.
Then we shall all 'ave eten thee.
That's wheear we get our oahn back.
Theer is a moral to this tayle
Doan't go a coortin' Mary Jane

THE WILLING CONSCRIPT



Oh, Sergeant, I'm a draftee, and I've just arrived in
camp;
I've come to wear the uniform and join the martial
tramp;
And I want to do my duty - but one thing I do implore:-
You must give me lessons, Sergeant, for I've never
killed before.

To do my job obediently is my only desire -
To learn my weapon thoroughly, and how to aim and
fire,
To learn to kill the enemy, then to slaughter more -
Oh, I'll need instruction, Sergeant, for I've never
killed before.

Continued

Now there are rumours in the camp about our enemy -
They say that when you see him he looks just like you
and me,
But you deny it, Sergeant, and you are a man of war,
So you must give me lessons, for I've never killed
before.

And the hand-grenade is something that I just don't
understand -
You've got to throw it quickly, or you're apt to lose a
hand.
Does it blow a man to pieces with its wicked, muffled
roar?
Oh, I've got so much to learn, because I've never
killed before.

Well, I want to thank you, Sergeant, for the help you've
been to me -
You've taught me how to kill and how to hate the enemy;
And I know I will be ready when they march me off to
war -
And I know that it won't matter that I've never killed
before!

SWEET VIOLETS



There once was a farmer, who took a young miss
To the back of the barn, where he gave her a
Lecture on horses and chickens and eggs,
And told her that she had such beautiful
Manners, that suited a girl of her charms,
A girl that he wanted to take in his
Washing and ironing, and then if she did
They could get married and raise lots of

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses,
Covered all over, from head to toe,
Covered all over with sweet violets.

The girl told the farmer that he'd better stop,
Or she'd call her father and he'd call a
Taxi, which got there before very long,
For someone was doing his little girl
Right for a change, and that's why he said:-
"If you marry her, son, you're better off
Single, because it has been my belief
Marriage will bring a man nothing but

Sweet violets

The farmer decided to wed anyway,
And so made arrangements for his wedding
Suit which he purchased for only one buck
But then he found out he was just out of
Money and so he was left in the lurch
Standing and waiting in front of the
End of my story - it just goes to show,
All a girl wants from a man is his

Sweet violets

RIDING DOWN FROM BANGOR



Riding down from Bangor on an Eastern train,
After weeks of hunting in the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers, beard, moustache as well,
Sat a student fellow, tall and slim and swell.

Empty seat behind him, no one at his side,
Into quiet village Eastern train did glide.
Enter aged couple, take the hindmost seat,
Enter village maiden, beautiful, petite.

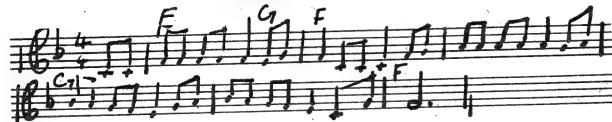
Blushingly she faltered 'Is this seat engaged?
Sees the aged couple properly enraged.
Student quite ecstatic sees her ticket through,
Thinks of the long tunnel, thinks what he will do.

Pleasantly they chatted, how the cinders fly!
Till the student fellow gets one in his eye.
Maiden sympathetic turns herself about,
'May I, if you please, sir, try to get it out?'

Then the student fellow feels a gentle touch,
Hears a gentle murmur, 'Does it hurt you much?'
Whiz! Slap!! Bang!!! Into tunnel quite,
Into glorious darkness, black as Egypt's night!

Out into the daylight glides that Eastern train,
Student's hair is ruffled just the merest grain!
Maiden seems all blushes when then and there appeared
A tiny little ear-ring in that horrid student's beard!
(An American student song.)

SAMMY HALL



Oh my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh my name is Sammy Hall, and I hate you one and all,
You're a bunch of muckers all, damn your eyes and blast your soul.

Oh I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh I killed a man 'tis said, for I filled him full of lead,
And I left him there for dead, damn his eyes and blast his soul.

Oh they took me to the quod, to the quod, to the quod,
Oh they took me to the quod, and they left me there by
With a ball and chain and rod, damn their eyes and blast their souls.

Oh the preacher he did come, he did come, he did come,
Oh the preacher he did come, and he looked so goddam glum,
As he talked of Kingdom Come, damn his eyes and blast his soul.

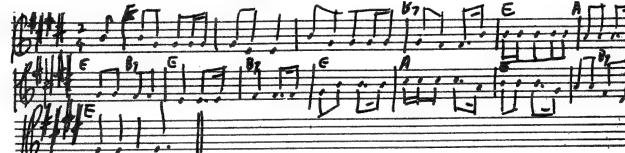
Oh the sheriff he came too, he came too, he came too,
Oh the sheriff he came too, with his little boys in blue,
And I hope they sizzle too, damn their eyes and blast their souls.

To the gallows I must go, I must go, I must go,
To the gallows I must go, with my friends all down below,
I sayin', "Sam, told ya so", damn their eyes and blast their souls.

I saw Nellie in the crowd, in the crowd, in the crowd,
I saw Nellie in the crowd, hope to see her in a shroud,
I yelled "Nellie, ain't ya proud?" damn her eye and blast her soul.

Let this be my parting knell, parting knell, parting knell,
Let this be my parting knell, I will see you all in Hell,
Hope you sizzle well, damn your eyes and blast your souls.

THE FOX



The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed to the moon to give him light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-O,
Town-O, town-O
He'd many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-O.

He ran till he came to a great big pen,
The ducks and the geese were kept therein;
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-O
Town-O, town-O
A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-O.

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw a duck across his back;
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down-O,
Down-O, down-O,
He didn't mind their quack, quack, quack,
Or the legs all dangling down-O.

The old Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed,
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-O,
Town-o , town-O,
Crying: John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is on the town-O.

He ran till he came to his cosy den,
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten;
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-O,
Town-O, town-O,
They said: Daddy, better go back again,
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-O.

We never eat cookies, 'cos cookies have yeast,
And one little bite turns a man to a beast,
Can you imagine a sadder disgrace
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face?

We never eat fruit cake because it has rum,
And one little bite turns a man to a bum,
Can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating fruit cake until he gets tight?

We don't eat plum pudding because it has plonk,
And one little bite puts a red on your conk,
Can you imagine a very long list
Of men who ate pudding until they got drunk?

We never eat steak, for steak's cooked in wine
And one little bite turns a man to a swine,
Can you imagine a much greater sin
Than a girl eating steak until she gives in?

WOAD SONG

(Air: "Men of Harlech")

What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats and spats and shoes with laces?
Socks and smocks you buy in places
Down in Brompton road!
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten,
Better far is woad!

Woad's the stuff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen!
Boil it to a brilliant hue,
And rub it on your chest and your abdomen!
Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as good as this to fit on
Neck or knee or where you sit on -
Tailors, you be blowed!

SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE UNION

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band,
On the right side of Temp'rance we do take our stand,
We don't smoke tobacco, because we do think,
That people who do are likely to drink.

Away, away with rum by gum,
Rum by gum, rum by gum,
Away, away with rum by gum,
It's the song of the Temperance Union.

Romans came across the Channel,
All dressed up in tin and flannel,
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.
Saxons, you can keep your stitches,
Building beds for bugs and midges,
Woad's enough to clothe us, which is
Not a nest for fleas!

Romans keep your armours,
Saxons, your pyjamas;
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas!
March up Snowdon with our woad on,
Never mind if we get snowed or blowed on,
Never need a button sewed on -
Go it, ancient B's!

THE CAT CAME BACK



(Thos. Anonymous)

Old Mr. Johnson had trouble all his own,
He had an old yellow cat that wouldn't leave home.
Tried everything he knew to do to keep the cat away
He took him up to Canada and told him for to stay.

But the cat came back the very next day.
The cat came back, though he was a gommer
But the cat came back 'cos he wouldn't stay away.

This cat had company out in the back yard
Somebody threw a boot and threw it awful hard.
Caught the cat behind the ear but he thought it was a
 slight
Then down came a brick and knocked him out of sight.

Chorus.

On a telegraph wire the birds were sitting in a bunch,
He saw an even number, thought he'd have them for his
 lunch.
Climbed softly up the pole, until he reached the top
Trod upon the electric wire and tied him in a knot.

Chorus.

This cat was a terror so they thought it would be best
To give him to a fella who was going out West.
Train ran around a curve and hit a broken rail,
Not a blessed soul aboard the train lived to tell the tale.

Chorus.

They put him in a cotton sack and gave him to a girl
Who set out on a bicycle all round the world.
Well, over there in China an awful wreck was found.
She's singing now in heaven with the angels all around.

Chorus.

At last they found a way this cat to really fix
They put him in an orange crate on highway 66,
Came a 20-ton truck with a 40-ton load
Scattered that orange crate a mile down the road.

Chorus.

The farmer on the corner said he'd shoot the cat on sight,
And loaded up his gun with nails and dynamite.
He waited in the garden till the cat came around
Seven little pieces of the man were all they found.

Chorus.

SHE IS MORE TO BE PITIED THAN CENSURED

At the old concert hall on the Bow'ry,
'Round a table were seated one night,
A crowd of young fellows carousing,
With them life seemed cheerful and bright,
At the very next table was seated
A girl who had fallen to shame,
All the young fellows jeered at her weakness,
Till they heard on old woman explain:-

She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised,
She is only a lassie who ventured,
On life's stormy path, ill-advised,
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall,
For a moment just stop and consider,
That a man was the cause of it all.

There's an old-fashioned church 'round the corner
Where neighbours all gathered one day,
While the parson was preaching a sermon,
O'er a soul that had just passed away,
'Twas this same wayward girl from the Bow'ry,
Who a life of adventure had led,
Did the clergyman jeer at her downfall?
No, he asked for God's mercy and said:-

Chorus.....

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LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
L'étandard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras
Egorger nos fils, et nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
Liberté, liberté, chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Combats avec tes défenseurs!
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accourez à tes mâles accents:
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!

THE WATER IS WIDE

The water is wide,
I cannot go over, and neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row,
My love and I.

Continued

A ship there is and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be.
But not so deep as the love I'm in,
And I know not how I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against some young oak,
Thinking he was a trusty tree.
But first he bended, and then he broke,
And thus did my false love to me.

I put my hand into some soft bush,
Thinking the sweetest flower to find.
I pricked my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flower alone.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine,
Gay as a jewel when first it is new,
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
And fades away like summer dew.

(Repeat first verse)

WE SHALL OVERCOME

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day;
Oh deep in my heart I do believe
That we shall overcome some day.

We'll walk hand in hand.

We shall fight no more.

We will all as brother.

Black and white as one.

We shall overcome.

PICKA BALE OF COTTON



(A work song of the cotton-pickers)

You got to jump down, turn around,
Pick uh bale uh cotton,
Got to jump down, turn around
To pick uh bale uh day.

O, Lawdy, pick uh bale uh cotton,
O, Lawdy pick uh bale uh day.

Me an' my partner can
Pick uh bale uh cotton,
Oh, me an' my partner can
Pick uh bale uh day.

Had uh little woman could
Pick uh bale uh cotton,
Oh, had uh little woman could
Pick uh bale uh day.

I b'lieve to my soul I can
Pick uh bale uh cotton,
I b'lieve to my soul I can
Pick uh bale uh day.

THE CHANDLER'S SHOP



(Air: Lincolnshire Poacher)

Oh, I went to the Chandler's shop some candles for to buy,
And I gazed all around me, but nobody could I spy,
Well I was disappointed and some angry words I said,
When I heard the sound of a ----- right above me head.
Yes, I heard the sound of a ----- right above me head.

Well I was quick and I was slick and up the stairs I sped,
And very surprised was I to find the Chandler's wife in bed,
And with her was another man of quite considerable size,
And they were having a ----- right before my eyes.
Yes, and were having a ----- right before my eyes.

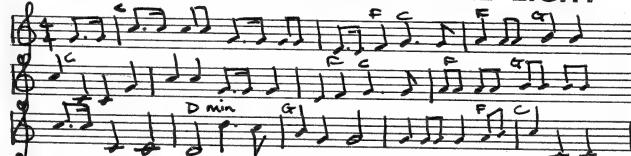
Well when the fun was over and done the lady raised her
head,
And very surprised she was to find me standing by her bed,
"Oh if you'll be discrete, kind sir, and if you'll be so kind,
You too may come up for some ----- whenever you
feel inclined.
Yes, you too may come up for some ----- whenever
you feel inclined.

So many's the time and many, the day when the Chandler
wasn't home,
Up to buy some candles to the Chandler's shop I'd roam,
But never a one she gave to me, she gave to me instead,
Just a little more of that ----- to lighten my way to
bed,
Yes, a little bit more of that ----- to lighten my way
to bed.

Now all you married men take heed when ever you go to
town,
And if you leave your wife at home be sure to tie her down,
And if you'll be so kind to her just lay her out on the floor,
And give her so much of that ----- she doesn't want
any more.
Yes, give her so much of that ----- she doesn't want
any more.

The last lines marked ----- are to be filled with as loud
a noise as possible preferably with 3 bashes on a table or
3 stamps of heavy army boots. The louder the noise the
more enjoyable the song.

KEEPER OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT



Oh, my father was the keeper of the Eddystone Light,
He slept with a mermaid one fine night.
From this union there came three:
A porpoise, a porgy, and the other was me.

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh, for a life on the rolling sea!

One night as I was a-trimmin' of the glim,
A-singin' a verse of the evenin' hymn,
A voice from the starboard shouted ahoy,
And there was me mother a-sittin' on a buoy.

Oh, what has become of my children three,
My mother then she asked of me.
One was exhibited as a talking fish,
The other was served in a chafing dish.

The phosphorous flashed in her seaweed hair,
I looked again and my mother wasn't there.
A voice came echoin' out of the night,
"To hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

LEMON TREE

When I was just a lad of ten,
 My father said to me:-
 "Come here and take a lesson
 From the lovely lemon tree.
 Don't put your faith in love, my boy,"
 My father said to me,
 "I fear you'll find that love is like
 The lovely lemon tree."

Lemon tree very pretty,
 And the lemon flower is sweet,
 But the fruit of the poor lemon
 Is impossible to eat. (Repeat)

One day beneath the lemon tree
 My love and I did lie -
 A girl so sweet that when she smiled
 The stars rose in the sky.
 We spent that summer lost in love
 Beneath the lemon tree -
 The music of her laughter
 Hid my father's words from me:

One day she left without a word,
 She took away the sun,
 And in the dark she left behind
 I knew what she had done:
 She left me for another,
 'Tis a common tale but true
 A sadder man, but wiser now
 I sing these words to you:

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
 Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
 Where have all the flowers gone?
 Youngs girls have picked them, every one;
 Oh when will they ever learn? (Repeat)

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
 Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
 Where have all the young girls gone?
 Gone to husbands, every one;
 Oh, when will they ever learn? (Repeat)

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
 Gone for soldiers, every one;

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
 Gone to graveyards, every one;

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
 Gone to flowers, every one;

Where have all the flowers gone

Said a lively young nurse out in Padua
 To her master, "Please, sir, you're a dadua.
 I've come for some pins
 Fro to wrap up the twins,
 And to hear you remark, sir how gladua.



NEGRO SPIRITUALS

ALL MY TRIALS

Hush little baby, don't you cry,
You know your mamma was born to die.

All my trials, Lord,
Soon be over.

River of Jordan is muddy and cold,
Well it chills the body, but not the soul.

I've got a little book with pages three,
And every page spell liberty.

Too late, my brothers!
Too late, but never mind.

If living were a thing that money could buy,
You know the rich would live and the poor
would die.

There grows a tree in paradise,
And the pilgrims call it the tree of life.

Too late, my brothers!
Too late, but never mind.

THE SAINTS

We are travelling in the footsteps
Of those who went before,
And we'll all be re-united
On that far and distant shore.

O when the saints go marching in,
O when the saints go marching in,
O lord, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marchin in.

O when the sun begins to shine . . .
O when the trumpet sounds its call . . .

Some say this world of trouble
Is the only one we need,
But I'm waiting for that moment
When the new world is revealed

O when the new world is revealed . . .
O when the saints go marching in . . .

SWING LOW

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me
home;
Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me
home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home.
A band of angels comin' after me,
Comin' for to carry me home.
If you get there before I do,
Jes' tell my friends that I'm a-comin' too.
The brightest day that ever I saw,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
I'm sometimes up an' sometimes down,
But still my soul feels heavenly boun'.

GO, DOWN, MOSES

CHORUS:

Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt's land;
Tell old Pharaoh
Let my people go.

When Israel was in Egypt's land,
Let my people go;
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go;
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go.
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

The Lord told Moses what to do,
Let my people go.
To lead the Children of Israel thro'
Let my people go.

When they had reached the other shore,
Let my people go.
They sang a song of triumph o'er,
Let my people go.

OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP

Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn;
Pharaoh's army got drowned,
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

If I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.

Pharaoh's army got drowned,
Oh, Mary, don't you weep.

Moses stood by the Red Sea shore,
He smote the water with a two by four.

God told Noah to build him an ark,
Noah built the ark outa hic'ry bark.

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more flood - fire next time.

One of these nights about twelve o'clock,
This old world's going to reel and rock.

Wonder what Satan's a-grumblin' 'bout,
Chained in Hell an' can't git out.

The way of evil-doing is a-wide and far,
And many the sinners who perish there.

EZEKIEL SAW DE WHEEL

Ezekiel saw de whell
 Way up in de middle of de air;
 Ezekiel saw de wheel,
 Way in de middle of de air.
 An de little wheel run by faith
 An de big wheel run by de grace of God,
 Tis a wheel in a wheel,
 Way in de middle of de air.

Some go to church for to sing and shout,
 Way in de middle of de air.
 Before six months dey's all turned out,
 Way in de middle of the air.

One o' dese days 'bout twelve o'clock,
 Way in de middle of de air,
 Dis ole world gwine to real and rock,
 Way in de middle of the air.
 Ezekiel saw de wheel

JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE

Joshua fit de battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
 Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,
 And de walls came tumblin' down.

You may talk about yo' King ob Gideon,
 You may talk about your man ob Saul,
 Dere's none like good ol' Joshua
 At de battle of Jericho.

Up to de walls of Jericho
 He marched with spear in han',
 "Go blow dem ram horns," Joshua cried,
 "Cause de battle am in my han'."

Den de lam' ram sheep horns begin to blow,
 Trumpets begin to sound,
 Joshua commanded de chillun to shout,
 And de walls come tumblin' down.

LITTLE DAVID

Little David, play on yo' harp,
 Hallelu, Hallelu!
 Little David, play on yo' harp,
 Hallelu! (repeat)

Little David was a shepherd boy;
 He slew Goliath an' shouted for joy.

Little David was a mighty king,
 And all the people came to sing.

I GOT A ROBE

I got a robe,
You got a robe,
All of God's children got a robe,
When I get to Heaven, goin' to put on my robe,
Going to shout all over God's Heaven,
Heaven,
Heaven,
Ev'ry body talkin' 'bout Heaven ain't going there,
Heaven,
Heaven,
Goin' to shout all over God's Heaven.

I got a crown
. . . . goin' to put on my crown

I got a harp
. . . . goin' to play on my harp

I got shoes
. . . . goin' to put on my shoes

I got a song
. . . . goin' to sing a new song

Well the river is deep and the river is wide,
Hallelujah!

Greener pastures on the other side,
Hallelujah!

Jordan's river is chilly and col'
Hallelujah!
Chills the body but not the soul,
Hallelujah!

Sister help to trim the sail,
Hallelujah!
Sister help to trim the sail,
Hallelujah!

Trouble's past for them that tried,
Hallelujah!
Milk and honey 'cross the other side,
Hallelujah!

MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT A'SHORE

Michael, row the boat ashore,
Hallelujah!
Michael, row the boat ashore,
Hallelujah!



DRINKING SONGS

ALCOHOLIC'S ANTHEM

Air: Men of Harlech

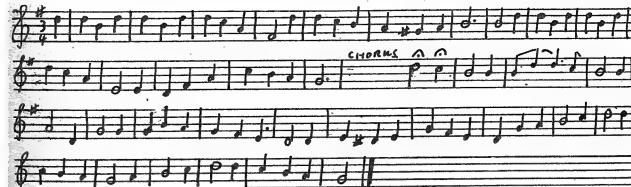
What's the use of drinking tea
Indulging in sobriety
And tee-total per-ver-sity -
It's healthier to booze.
What's the use of milk and water,
These are drinks that never oughter
Be allowed in any quarter;
Come on, lose your blues.

Mix yourself a Shandy!
Drown yourself in Brandy!
Sherry Sweet,
Or Whisky neat,
Or any kind of liquor that is handy.
There's no blinking sense in drinking
Anything that doesn't make you stinking!
There's no happiness like sinking
Blotto to the Floor!

Put an end to all Frustration,
Drinking may be your Salvation,
End it all in dissipation -
Rotten to the core!
Aberrations metabolic,
Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
These are for the Alcoholic
Lying on the Floor!
Vodka for the Arty,
Gin to make you Hearty,
Lemonade was only made
For drinking if your mother's at the Party.
Steer clear of home-made beer,
And anything that isn't labelled clear,
There is nothing else to fear
Bottoms up - My Boys.

(Christchurch (N. Z.) University Revue)

THE DOORS SWING IN



Oh! The doors swing in and the doors swing out,
And some pass in while others pass out,
Dear father is here with his nose in a beer,
Behind the swinging doors, behind the swinging
doors.

Oh, Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
Poor Willie is dying, his end's drawing nigh,
While you sit here having your fun.

Oh, Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two,
The bailiffs have just thrown us out into the street,
Oh, what are we going to do.

Poor mother is weeping, distraught with wild grief,
And no one for comfort but me.

The baby's been sold to the butchers for meat,
To be sent to the home for the poor.

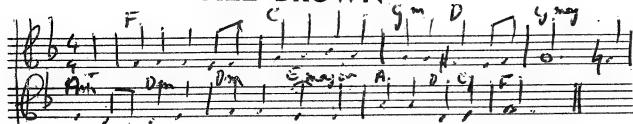
Poor Mary has only just drawn her last breath,
In a sinister underworld dive.

Poor Sarah's demented, she's out on the street,
Dispensing her favours for nix.

Aunt Annie's in chapel she's praying for us,
For she fears that we won't go to heaven.

Young Willie's disgraced us, dismissed from the church,
For helping himself to the plate.

ALL BROWN



He grabbed me by my slender neck,
I could not shout or scream,
Took me to his darkened tent
Where he couldn't be seen.

He tore from me my flimsy wrap,
And gazed upon my form,
I felt so cold and dark and damp,
And he so nice and warm.

He pressed his fevered lips to mine,
That's why you find me here,
A broken bottle on a rubbish heap,
That once was full of beer.

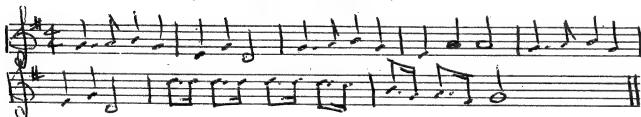
THE PIG



It was early last December, as near as I remember,
I was walking down the street in tipsy pride,
No one I was disturbing, as I lay down by the kerbing,
And a pig came up and lay down by my side.

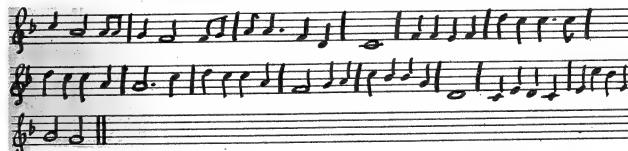
As I lay there in the gutter, thinking thoughts I cannot
utter,
A lady passing by was heard to say
"You can tell a man who boozes by the company he
chooses."
And the pig got up and slowly walked away.

THE PIKER



He's a piker, he's true blue,
He's a piker through and through,
He's a piker so they say -
He tried to go to Heaven, but he went the other way.
 Drink it down,
 down,
 down,

WORKING IN A BREWERY



Working in a brewery at the foot of Khyber Pass,
Working in a brewery with a bottle and a glass,
When the summer sun is hot
That's the time I like a spot,
Gee, it's lovely working in a brewery.

Blotto in a grotto at the foot of Arthur's Pass,
Blotto in a grotto with a bottle and a glass,
When the summer sun is high,
That's the time I like a rye,
Gee, it's lovely working in a brewery.

DRINKING SONG

(From "The Student Prince")

Ein, Zwei, Drei, Vier,
Lift your Stein and drink your beer.

Drink, drink, drink, to eyes that are bright as stars
when they're shining on me,
Drink, drink, drink, to lips that are red and sweet
as the fruit on the tree.

Here's a hope that those bright eyes will shine,
Lovingly, longingly, soon into mine,
May those lips that are red and sweet
Tonight with joy my own lips meet,
Drink, drink, let the toast start,
May young hearts never part,
Drink, drink, drink,
Let every true lover salute his sweetheart,
Let's drink!

GLORIOUS BEER

Let me sing you a song of a gargle,
A lotion to me very dear;
I refer to that grand lubricator,
That wonderful tonic called beer, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom.

Beer, Beer, glorious beer,
Fill yourself right up to here;
Don't be afraid of it, drink till you're made of it,
Drink of our old lager beer, boom, boom, boom,
boom, boom.

Drink a great deal of it, make a whole meal of it,
Come, boys, a rousing good cheer, hurrah!
Up with the sale of it, down with a bale of it,
Glorious, glorious beer.

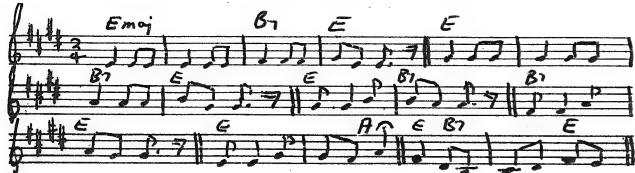
It's the daddy of all lubricators,
A very fine thing for your neck;
Can be used as a lotion or gargle,
For people of every sect. Boom, boom, boom, boom,
boom.

They say there's a goddess of wine, boys,
But is there a goddess of beer?
If there is let us drink to her name, boys,
And wish that we had her right here, boom, boom,
boom, boom, boom,

WORST HANGOVER

I'm getting over a worse hangover
Than I ever had before.
The first was whisky,
The second was gin,
The third was a beer with a cigarette in.
There's no need explaining the one remaining,
Is over the kitchen floor,
I'm getting over the worst hangover
That I ever had before.

THREE JOLLY COACHMEN



Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
 Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern
 And they decided, and they decided, and they decided,
 To have another flagon.

Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth flow
 over,
 Landlord fill the flowing bowl until it doth flow
 over,
 For tonight we'll be merry be,
 For tonight we'll merry be,
 For tonight we'll merry be,
 Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Here's to the man who drinks dark ale
 And goes to bed quite mellow,
 Here's to the man who drinks dark ale
 And goes to bed quite mellow,
 He lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 Lives as he ought to live,
 And dies a jolly good fellow.

Here's to the man who drinks water pure
 And goes to bed quite sober;
 Here's to the man who drinks water pure
 And goes to bed quite sober;
 He falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 Falls as the leaves do fall,
 He'll die before October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
 And getteth half-seas over,

He who drinks just what he likes
 And getteth half-seas over,
 Will live till he dies, perhaps,
 Live till he dies perhaps,
 Live till he dies perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
 And runs to tell her mother.
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
 And runs to tell her mother.
 She's a foolish, foolish thing,
 She's a foolish, foolish thing,
 She's a foolish, foolish thing,
 For she'll not get another.

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss,
 And stays to steal another.
 Here's to the maid who steals a kiss,
 And stays to steal another.
 She's a boon to all mankind,
 She's a boon to all mankind,
 She's a boon to all mankind,
 For she'll soon be a mother.



Let books for a while have a rest on their shelves,
 Vive la Compagnie,
 While we're singing the praise of our excellent selves,
 Vive la Compagnie.

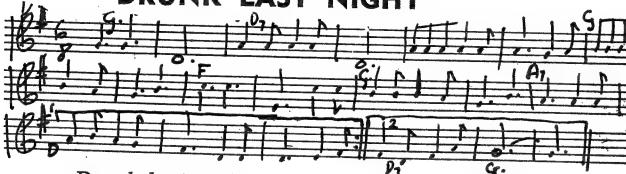
Here's to the fresher who hasn't a clue,
 The second year man who's collected a few,
 And the fortunate bloke
 Who has thrown off the yoke,
 Who has passed his exams and is through.

Come, drink to the health of the lass and the lad,
Vive la Compagnie.
Who are wearing the gown of the gay undergrad,
Vive la Compagnie.

Come artist and lawyer, and roll up your sleeves,
Vive la Compagnie.
Come greaser and stinker, sink one at "The Head"
Vive la Compagnie.

Though Senators fuss and Professors all frown,
Vive la Compagnie.
We'll forgive them their sins as we're quaffing them
down,
Vive la Compagnie.

DRUNK LAST NIGHT



Drunk last night,
Drunk the night before,
I'm going to get drunk tonight
Like I've never been drunk before.

See here we are as happy as can be,
For we are the boys of the Varsity.
Glorious, Victorious,
One Bottle of Beer
Between the four of us.
Thank God there are no more of us
For one of us could drink the ruddy lot.

Without his - on,
Honey, have a - - on me.

Roll over Mabel,
The label's on the other side.

I know you like it,
But you ain't gonna get it now.



POLITICAL SONGS ANCIENT AND MODERN

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Tune: "Good King Wenceslas")

J. F. Kennedy looked out,
Found the view attractive,
All the fall-out lay about,
Deep and radio-active.
Brightly burned Berlin that night
Witness to our freedom,
When Nick Khruschev came in sight
Carrying a C-bomb.

"Jack," said he, "I think that soon
We'll resume our testing.
Since that A-bomb on the moon,
We've been almost resting.
Atmospheric ours will be,
Not these undergrunders.
I just love to hear the clicks
From the Geiger counters."

"Thank you, Nick," said JFK,
"For the information.
Solves our problem, as you say,
Over-population.
Numbers it will quickly drop,"
Said he with emotion.
"Almost what you'd call a pop-
Ulation explosion."

"Well," said Jack, "it's up to me,
I'll start testing, too, now.
That will give the A. E. C.
Something they can do now.
We've got a 20 megaton
If you should attack us."
"Oh," said Khrush, "it must be fun
Playing with your crackers."

(Slowly and straight)

Ever since then Jack and Nick
Have their H-bombs all out
Playing at their favourite trick,
Who can make most fall-out.
There's a moral you can tell
To your sons and daughters,
But 'til then we wish you well
And happy rigor mortis.

(Footlights Revue, "Blind Date", '61)

MIT EIN SHILELAGH

(Tune: "Admiral's Song" from Pinafore (G. & S.)
Peter Macinnis)

When I was a lad, I learned intrigue,
While serving with the Eureka League.
I buttered them down, I buttered them up;
Oh I was a most precocious pup.
I buttered them so carefully
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.

But red, red, red I remained not long,
For I felt their politics were wrong.
And they were wrong, for don't you see
They gave no thought to rewarding me.
So then I set myself so free
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.

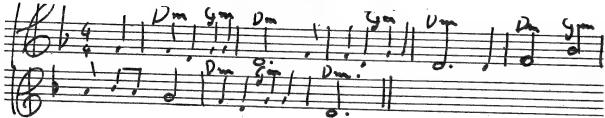
So then I joined with dear old Labour,
Which is Communism's nearest neighbour.
I swung to the right, I swung to the left,
And then there came the fearful Grouper's cleft.
That fearful cleft so affected me,
That now I am the ruler of the DLP.

Now since that day I've often sent
My preference Liberals to Parliament.
And I'll confess since all will out,
My greatest joy is keeping Calwell out.
I've kept him out with much great glee,
For now I am the ruler of the DLP.

Continued

Now all you lads, wherever you be,
 If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
 Take this advice, given warm and hearty,
 Never ever be too loyal to your party.
 For if you are, well don't you see,
 You'll never be the ruler of the DLP?

OMSK



When Serge and I were boys
 We used to live in Omsk,
 Where we spent our time
 Learning to make Bombsk.

When Serge and I grew up,
 We went away to Tomsk,
 Where we spent our time
 Manufacturing bombsk.
 La, la-la-la manufacturing bombsk.

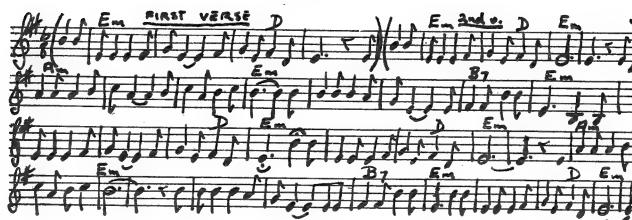
When Serge and I were caught
 They took us to Murmansk
 Where we spent our time
 Fabricating Plansk.

When Serge and I escaped
 We hitch-hiked back to Omsk
 And blew up all bourgeoisie
 With our beautiful bombsk.
 La, la-la-la with our beautiful bombsk.

Now Serge is commissar
 Of the soviet of Omsk
 And I am commissar
 Of the soviet of Tomsk.

But we well not give up
 Our counter-revolutionary plotsk
 For we are agents of
 Our exiled comrade Trotsk.
 La, la-la-la our exiled comrade Trotsk.

THE BOMB



In an anarchist's garret, so lowly and so mean
 Oh, smell the pungent odor of nitro-glycerine.
 They're busy making fuses, and filling cans with nails
 And the little Slavic children set up this mournful wail.
 Oh! it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb;
 The last one it was thrown by Brother Thom.
 Poor Mama's aim is bad and the Copskys all know
 Dad,
 So it's Sister Jenny's turn to throw the bomb.

Sister Jenny took the bomb and started off.
 "Oh, mind you know," said Mama, "to blow up
 Templehof."
 And so the party waited, while the dawn turned into
 day,
 And the little Slavic children set up this mournfull lay
 Oh, it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.
 Sister Jenny's gone the way of Brother Thom;
 Poor Mama's aim is bad, and the Copsky's all know
 Dad,
 So it's Brother Ivanovitch's turn to throw the bomb.

HARRY WAS A BOLSHIE



Harry was a Bolshie, one of Lenin's lads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolutionary cads.

By counter-revolutionary cads, by counter-revolutionary cads,
Till he was foully done to death by counter-revolutionary cads.

"That's all right," said Harry, "my spirit shall not die
I'll go and do some Party work in the land beyond the
sky."

He went up to the Pearly Gates, to the keeper of the
keys,
"I want to speak to Comrade God, it's Harry Pollitt,
please."

"Who are you?" said Peter, "are you humble and
contrite?"
"I'm a friend of Doctor Evatt's." "That's O.K., then,
you're all right!"

They put him in a nightie, put a harp into his hand,
And he played the Internationale in the Hallelujah band.

They put him in the choir - the hymns he did not like,
So he organised the angels and he brought them out on
strike.

One day when God was walking in Heaven to meditate,
Who should he see but Harry chalking slogans on the
Gate.

They brought him up on trial, before the Holy Ghost,
For spreading dissaffection among the Heavenly Host.

The verdict it was guilty. "O. K. ." said Harry.

"Swell."

And he tucked his nightie round his knees and floated
down to Hell.

Seven long years have passed, now Harry's doing
swell:
He's just been made first Commissar of Soviet
Socialist Hell.

D. L. P. LAMENT

(Tune: "Twelve Days of Christmas")

Seven days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"We can win without a policy".

Six days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"What did we say last time?
We can win without a policy".

Five days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"We can always ad lib,
What did we say last time?
We can win without a policy".

Four days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"Introduce red herrings" etc.

Three days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"What price are we Askin?" etc.

Two days before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"We'll trade our preferentials" etc.

One day before election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"Don't mention unemployment
"Don't mention unemployment" etc.

On the day after election,
Thus spake the D. L. P. :
"We demand a re-count".

THE UNION IS

The Union is my shepherd, I shall not work,
It maketh me to lie down on the job.
It leadeth me beside the still factories,
It restoreth my insurance benefits.

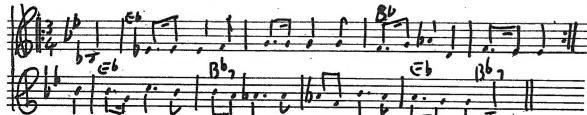
"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of unemployment,
I will fear no recriminations, for the Union is with me.
Its restrictive practises and shop stewards comfort me.
It prepareth a works committee before me in the presence of my employer.

It anointeth my hand with pay rises.
My bank balance runneth over.
Surely never-never payments and Union dues,
Shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in a council flat for ever."

This parody was written by the Rev. Norman Baldock who first published it in his parish magazine (he is the vicar in a small parish in the North of England) in early 1963. He explains that his present-day psalm might be considered semi-blasphemous but for the fact that it sums up so accurately the religion of so many people.

"People," he wrote, "Seek holiness in a bottle of detergent, peace in a bottle of pills, and hope to discover heaven in a pound note."

RED FLAG



The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold,
Their life's blood dyed it's every fold.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live or die!
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow -
We must not change its colour now.

It well recalls the triumphs past,
It gives the hope of peace at last;
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain.

With heads uncovered swear we all,
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeon dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

A WANDERING MINISTER

A wand'ring Minister I,
In charge of immigration
To populate the nation
I wander far and wide.
Of men we have a lot
But hardly any spouses
And so into these houses
I ply my sordid trade.
That's why you find me here
'Tis in the name of duty
To seek out all this beauty
And bring it back with me.

SONG OF THE R. S. L.

(Tune: Advance Australia Fair")

Australia's sons let us rejoice
For we are young and white
The yellow hordes may get us soon
But we are in the right.
The white man's burdens never cease
We bear them night and day
Until the Asian hordes increase
And everybody's grey.

Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.

Though other races interbreed
We'll toil with heart and hand
To keep our island continent
A white and open land.
Our natives have their settlements
Our neighbours are all Asian
We'll sing and dance and wave our flags
Because we are caucasian.

Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.

Though other states desegregate
Our gallant lads ensure
That through our British ancestry
Our heritage is pure.
The negroid races may prevail
But still Australians stand
United to the common end
A white and pleasant land.

Of mingled strains let others sing
But keep Australia fair.

ROUNDS

ADAM CATCH'D EVE

Adam catch'd Eve by the Furbelow,
Adam catch'd Eve by the Furbelow,
And that's the oldest catch I know (3 times)
Oh! Ho! Did he so,
Did he so, did he so (3 times).

ONE BOTTLE BEER

One bottle beer, two bottle beer,
Three bottle beer, four bottle beer,
Five bottle beer, six bottle beer,
Seven, seven bottle beer.

Oh, you can't put your muck in our dus'bin,
Our dus'bin, our dus'bin,
You can't put your muck in our dus'bin -
Our dus'bin's full.

Fish and chips and vinegar,
Vinegar, vinegar;
Fish and chips and vinegar,
Pepper, pepper, pepper pot.

HEY, HO, NOBODY AT HOME

Hey, ho, nobody at home,
Eat nor drink nor money have I none,
Still I will be happy.

RHEUMATISM

(Tune: Frere Jaques)

Rheumatism, rheumatism,
How it pains, how it pains,
Up and down the system, up and down the system
When it rains, when it rains.

TO STOP THE TRAIN

To stop the train in case of emergency,
Just pull the chain,
Panalty for improper use five pounds.

I A POOR MAN AM

I a poor man am,
Though I nothing have,
Freely will I give.

AH, POOR BIRD

Ah, poor bird, take thy flight
Far from the sorrows of this sad night.

THERE GOES A HAPPY MORON



There goes a happy moron,
He doesn't give a dam;
I wish I were a moron -
My God! Perhaps I am!